L. M. Dernonse

THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

We create our own heaven or hell, and walk as angel or devil therein.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 213 WEST 23D ST

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At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—*Bacon.*

HUMAN LIFE.

A little child with her bright blue eyes,
And hair like golden spray,
Sat on the rock by the steep cliff's foot
As the ocean ebbed away.

And she longed for the milk-white shining foam
As it danced to the shingle's turn,
And stretched out her hand and tottered fast
To bring the white feathers home.

And still as she strayed the tide ebbed fast,
And the gleaming foam laughed on,
And the white fluff shrunk from the tiny feet,
And the little fat hands caught none.

She sat wearily down by the steep cliff's foot,
Till the waves seemed to change their mind,
And the white foam flowed to her as she sat,
As though 'twould at last be kind.

And the fluff played over her soft white feet,
And the feathers flew up to her chin,
And the soft laving water kissed her lips,
And I carried my dead child in.

—*Spectator.*

A PROTESTANT TRIUMPH IN ROME.

Two years ago no Protestant was allowed to preach in the Eternal City. English and American residents and tourists were compelled to go outside the walls of the city to worship God after the methods dictated by their own consciences instead of by the "Holy Catholic Church."

But since the occupancy of Rome by Victor Emanuel and its consequent conversion into the capital of the kingdom of Italy, a very great change has been effected in the management of its internal affairs and in nothing is it more manifest than in ecclesiastical affairs. The Pope's rule was an ecclesiastical despotism most absolute in its character. Protestants and Jews were dogs of infidels and were not allowed to defile the holy city with their abominable rites of worship. But under the rule of the Italian government religious toleration is the order of the day, and recently the Protestants have gained a great triumph by compelling a recognition of their existence and claims from the Catholics. They challenged a public discussion of the question whether St. Peter was ever in Rome or not, and wonderful to tell, after much hesitation the Pope permitted the public discussion of this question and appointed three priests, the Abbes Cipalla, Falibiani and Guidi—to meet the three Protestant pastors, Sciarelti, Ribetti and Gavazzi.

The discussion took place in the grand hall of the Tiberine Academy in the Sabine Palace. Prince Chigi and Advocate Tasti presided in behalf of the Romanists and Messrs. Pigott and Phillips in behalf of the Protestants. The discussion took place in the presence of an audience of five hundred—two hundred and fifty cards of admission being allowed on each side.

The popular interest in the discussion has been immense and no wonder, for Pius IX. not only permitted this discussion to take place but really directed it, permitting champions of his own choosing to accept the challenge of his foes and fight the battle of free discussion beneath the very shadow of the Vatican. Verily the world moves and in nothing is the march of progress more evident than in the changes that have been wrought in the administration of the temporal government of the former dominions of the Papal See.

Some idea of the interest felt in this discussion may be gained from the fact that a single paper giving a full report of it sold twenty thousand copies.

This question of so little importance to Protestants is a vital one to Catholics, for the entire claim of the Pope to be the successor of St. Peter rests upon it. Temporal sovereignty, infallible headship and all the other prerogatives of the Papacy rest upon this question. The church affirms that St. Peter was the first Pope and that he lived and ruled in Rome from eighteen to twenty-five years.

The discussion itself is of very little consequence; the fact that Pius IX. permitted it is one of the most remarkable signs of the times.

Free discussion is the herald of light, truth, liberty, and unity. The universal opinion in Rome was that the Protestants had the best of the argument.

For the Present Age.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RACHEL TRUE.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Whether we remember with a distinctness clear enough to become reality any events before the fourth year of our life is doubtful. Yet I have glimpses that sometimes carry me back beyond my natural life. Flitting gleams they seem out of the great eternity behind me—recognitions of time reaching through immeasurable past and linking itself to the present by the law of personality, and conscious being. Such experiences are not common, but I have met persons who, like myself, had felt a wave from the great flood of eternal existence touch them, and by it have known the grandeur of an immeasurable past as well as an infinitely extending future.

But my first memory of earthly existence is of a rainy day when the drops of water traced their course down the panes of glass and fascinated my eyes as they do to-day. I tried to catch the little flowing tide, and because I could not I cried, and my father said, "tears on the window pane and tears on my little girl's face." And then my own grief stopped, and the first thrill of divine pity kindled in my child-breast. Who could be weeping to the extent of all those pouring rain-drops? It must be God, for His name had been sounded in my ear again and again, as the great being who cared for little girls. The infinity of suffering seemed then to have been revealed to my dawning consciousness. Was it a prophetic recognition of the need of infinite pity and love that lies over the world?

I often wonder as I sit now and think of all that I have lived and become, whether the mind or soul of childhood does not hold all the experiences, thoughts, feelings of its after life: just as a peach blossom holds the luscious fruit that is the result, not of summer's shine and the dark rich soil alone, but of an innate power or possession of aggregation. As I look back to-day on that babyhood of mine, I feel the personality of the then, and the now. I have still the perception of the little child, and that childhood had its conscious relation to the present. To be, and to become, are one.

I suppose I was my mother's especial pet because I was the gift that came after her first born left her childless. I was afraid of nothing, neither of cold or heat, of rain or dew; but my mother with the gentle firmness so natural to her wrapped me in blankets and made me sit by the fire and coaxed me with sweet plays from the dampness and chill. These restraints, so opposite to the almost sublime faith that my mother had in my right-mindedness, aroused a spirit of opposition in me that would never have grown out of her loving trust. I looked on wind and air and sun as my allies that a cruel destiny was keeping me from fully enjoying. I became every year more and more wilful, and persistent in running out of doors bareheaded, in taking off my stockings and shoes and wading in every tempting pool of water I could find. Ah, had my mother only known that a child's instincts are its true teachers I should have been saved the hard consequences of wilful disobedience! I never took cold; I never suffered a chill; I was as hardy as the little lambs that followed their mothers so safely in the green pastures.

One day a tiny, blanketed, moving, screaming doll slept in my mother's arms, and a new life commenced in our household. No one watched over me then to see that my hair was tidy or my apron clean, or that my supper was warm. Neither was there any one to keep me from the damp meadow where the orchis hid itself, waiting with its delicate fringed petals till blue eyes looked upon it, and red lips kissed it; or from the brook upon whose borders the cardinals grew, with their soft grace and glowing majesty, standing as banners set for the salvation of the child-hearts of the world. Flowers were always like friends to me. The buttercups and daisies of my baby days, clasped as beautiful toys and pulled to pieces in wonder, not contempt; and the arethusas and gentians and clematis that my later youth searched for, were always talking to me. I had full faith that they knew my sorrows and were glad in my joys.

My father thought that I must not run wild in the streets like our neighbors, children, because a certain dignity and reserve was always expected from the minister's children: but there was always the beautiful orchard back of the house, and the hill with its secluded foot-path that I might live in, if I would, after the baby brother came; and up there alone making pine chains and daisy wreaths, and calling the apple blossoms my friends, and the little buds their babies, I learned the tenderness and gentleness of my other silent mother, whose heart-beats I could not feel but on whose breast I could always dream, and who was never afraid for me.

And so days and months went on, until the baby was a toddling child and I had something to care for. Little girls become little women in a day sometimes. The maternal element in women is so strong it is no wonder little girls caress their dolls, and build little homes where all of domestic bliss circles about a few broken pieces of china, an old shawl for a carpet, a bed, and a matron's cloak. This womanly heart in little girls, expressing itself in tenderness and care, is sweet to behold. No woman can be hard and cold and unfeeling who has tended a doll in her girlhood, for her love is the faint effort to express what in the woman would be self-sacrifice, patience, hope and love if the budding life had not been checked. I do not believe God cares whether we have children or not, but he cares whether we have maternal hearts. Why is God always a father instead of a mother? It is because the world has demanded protection rather than love. By and by it will demand love first, and then we shall hear of the Mother God as well as the Father God.

To the heart of childhood the mother is the type of the love and tenderness of the Infinite. It is she who shields from suffering, who forgives wrong, who anticipates wants, and so it must be that it is the motherhood of God that we call upon when we are suffering, when we have sinned, and when we recognize the infinite beauty of the universe. Our Father should represent or typify the protection and care of an Infinite power of goodness.

When I first felt all this as the philosophy of my religion I do not know, but I know that when I led about my little two year old brother I lived it. I was his sympathetic friend and comforter. I was never tired of petting or amusing him. He laid his curly head on my shoulder for comfort in his baby sorrows. I was more than "little sissy" then; I became at once Rachel, and the mother-heart in me sprang up self-asserting and powerful.

NOTES.

The *Golden Age* says:

E. D. Babbitt, D. M., one of our contributors, is about establishing a Magnetic Institute in this city in which himself and other efficient magneticians of varied healing powers propose to deal with mental and physical diseases through the life-giving agents of Magnetism, Electricity, Baths, etc. The title D. M. means Doctor of Magnetics, and we hope that it will become a greater terror to disease than the title M. D. has thus far been, especially if it is true that "three-fourths of mankind are killed by medicines and prescriptions," as Dr. Titus, Counsellor of the Court of Dresden has remarked.

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Rev. Mrs. Burleigh who is settled over the Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, Conn., preached in Unity Chapel in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Sunday on "The Life that Now is." She had a fine, intelligent audience, who listened with delight to her discourse. Mrs. Burleigh is one of the live women of the day, and by her dignified, graceful manner, and her fine personal presence she commands the respectful admiration of her hearers. On Monday she addressed a large gathering of ladies at Delmonico's on the occasion of the annual meeting of Sorosis.

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A revival is said to be in progress in Dr. Cuyler's church in Brooklyn. Query, are any of the "cultured and wealthy classes" among the converts?

◆

Mr. Hepworth, we believe, is gathering a large society beneath his ministrations at Steinway Hall. Recently he exchanged services with Henry Ward Beecher. The large hall on this occasion was packed to its utmost capacity, hundreds stood through the entire service, and hundreds went away who could not obtain admission.

◆

We learn that Mr. Foster is very successful in his new field of labor at Apollo Hall in this city. His audiences are large and appreciative. On the afternoon of the 31st, the 24th anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism by means of the Rochester knockings, will be celebrated by the Society under the charge of brother Foster at Apollo Hall. Judge Edmonds, Mrs. Woodhull, Dr. Hallock, Dr. Gray, Mrs. Wilbour and others are announced among the speakers, and Margaret Fox Kane, one of the original Fox sisters will be present.

Our own name is announced among the speakers, but we cannot be present as we shall be conducting similar exercises at Willimantic, Conn.

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Miss Tennie C. Claflin, sister of Mrs. Woodhull, will lecture in the Academy of Music in this city this week. Her subject she announces as "Behind the Scenes in Wall Street," and promises one of the most searching analyses of New York society that has been made yet. No doubt the Academy will be filled to overflowing, so great is the notoriety these sisters have achieved in New York. Their career, first as physicians, then as brokers and editors, has brought them into contact with many and varied phases of life, and given them doubtless many and deep insights beneath the surface of things. One things is certain, they are two of the best abused women of the day. The public of New York have demonstrated their willingness to accord them a respectful hearing.

◆

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker addressed a large audience gathered in the Spiritualist house in Willimantic, Conn., the 18th of March, on "Woman Suffrage, the Political Issue of the Day." She is an earnest, forcible speaker and holds the interest of her audience unceasingly throughout. She is thoroughly in earnest in this work and throws into it her whole soul. She possesses in a great degree the magnetic power of her distinguished brother, the Brooklyn preacher, and by means of it carries her audiences along with her. This question is rapidly gaining ground in the Nutmeg State, as indeed it is everywhere.

Seventeen women in Willimantic had the courage to register their names as candidates for the privilege of the franchise. The Registrars of the town accepted their names, but the selectmen refused to enfranchise them. Mrs. Hooker, who was present at the time, and who went with them before this august body of town dignitaries, made a fine appeal in their behalf, but it was of no avail. A stupid, drunken Irishman, and an illiterate negro, can have *all* the rights and privileges of citizenship, but refined and cultivated women must be debarred from the most important of them all. She must take her position among felons and idiots. This is an outrage that will not much longer be tolerated. Let every woman assert her right to vote upon every possible occasion and she will soon achieve that right. Already universal suffrage exists in three territories and in the District of Columbia, and soon Maine and Massachusetts will be added, for the legislature of Maine is agitating the question of inviting the women of the state to vote in the next presidential election. A Massachusetts legislative committee has returned a majority report in favor of altering the State Constitution so as to permit women to vote. The grand result cannot be long delayed and when it is accomplished we shall have purer and better laws and a very different state of society. This has been demonstrated in Wyoming, where drunkenness has decreased 40 per cent. since women voted, and where for the first time in the history of the territory justice was meted out with impartial hand by a jury half women, to villians who had hitherto escaped punishment by means of the cowardice or treachery of male juries. Facts are stubborn things. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

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We are in receipt of English Spiritualist papers and magazines to date, and from them glean many interesting facts in relation to the progress of our cause in Great Britain.

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Miss Lottie Fowler is still holding seances at the Institute in Southampton Row, and in private families and giving many very remarkable tests.

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We are sorry to record that Miss Kate Fox is so much an invalid that she cannot give sittings and is obliged to remain in retirement.

◆

Gerald Massey, the distinguished poet it is expected will soon give a series of lectures on Spiritualism in St. George's Hall.

Geo. Harris F. S. A. Barrister-at-law, Vice President of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, occupying a prominent position as a scientist, has given in his adhesion to the Spiritualistic theory of the phenomena known as spiritual manifestations, and is soon to read a paper in public in support of the following proposition:

That it is possible and practical to frame a definite and certain test, generally applicable, by which the truth of apparitions and other supernatural visitations can be satisfactorily tested.

◆

Those remarkable mediums for physical manifestations—Herne and Williams, have really had sittings with psychic-force-Crookes, Mr. Serjeant Cox, and other equally noted men, at which objects flew about in the light while the company were looking at them. This has become recently a special feature of the manifestations of these gentlemen. Their public seances at the Spiritual Institute attract a great deal of attention and their phenomena are said to occur under test conditions that render them very conclusive and satisfactory to skeptical minds.

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Pro. Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S. recently gave a lecture before the Royal College of Surgeons on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of the distinguished John Hunter, in which he avowed his belief in our faith in the following words:—"He (Hunter) has left behind him a splendid museum, which will forever be a chaplet to his fame; and if his spirit is round about us this day, *as I doubt not it is*, I am *fain to hope that he will not look disapprovingly on our present occupation.*" Is this be not Spiritualism, what is it? An English writer commenting upon this paragraph, says aptly:—How pleasing to think that our great ancestors can still take an interest in the doings of their children! It is much more agreeable than the old Scotch notion of heaven—sitting on a damp cloud, harp in hand, singing psalms all day; or as the American poet put it "loafing around the throne."

In our next issue we shall give an interesting account from the Spiritual Magazine of London of experiments instituted by Mr. Guppy through the mediumship of his wife for obtaining manifestations similar to those occurring at Moravia and in the presence of Dr. Slade.

Every instalment of English periodicals devoted to our cause shows how rapidly it is progressing there among the most cultured and wealthy classes, and the active part that many men of position in the religious and scientific world are taking publicly against it affords us the most positive proof possible of the deep hold it is there taking upon the public mind. Like the Ephesians of old their craft is in danger. It is quite impossible for a man to be a Spiritualist and remain a slave to the priesthood. Ecclesiastical dogmas and the truths of Spiritualism have no affinity with each other. So it is not to be wondered at that priests and scientific professors shake hands in their opposition to Spiritualism, for did not science pronounce it a humbug years ago, and shall she be compelled to eat her own majestic dicta and acknowledge herself baffled and falsified by this upstart that was born in a manger in an obscure town of America? Forbid it, ye shades of departed bishops and priests! and scientists, rush to the rescue, ye unconscious cerebrationists, ye psychist forcists, ye humbugists all!

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Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

[illegible] QUESTION

[illegible]

[illegible] and to speak of the
[illegible] poems ever written
[illegible]
[illegible] the floods of the
[illegible]
[illegible] each mountain and

W[illegible] of devotion
[illegible] from the bosoms of men;
H[illegible], mingling in cho-
[illegible]
[illegible] from their crimes to
[illegible]
[illegible] midnight of death gathers o'er us,
W[illegible] the dawn of redemption draw
[illegible]

Lo[illegible] wanderers, sinful and lowly,
[illegible] with grief and temptation below;
Th[illegible] goodness o'er everything holy,
[illegible] mercy to pity our woe;
Th[illegible] power to cleanse and restore us
Sp[illegible] and pure as the angels on high;
"Father the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Gray hair and golden, youth, matron and maiden,
Lovers of mammon and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
Lifting their souls to that one mighty name;
"Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
On the broad waters the black shadows lie,
Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depths of futurity's ocean
Heave with the pulse of the Infinite breath,
Why should we shrink from the billows' commotion?
Jesus is walking the waters of death;
Angels are blending their notes in the chorus,
Rising like incense from earth to the sky,
"Father, the billows grow brighter before us,
Heaven, with mansions eternal, draws nigh."

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For the Present Age.

SENECA'S LAST BEQUEST.

BY W. C. WATERS.

William Penn, quoting from history in illustration of religious subjects, says that "when Nero's messenger brought Seneca news that he was to die, with composed and undaunted countenance he received the errand, and presently called for pen, ink and paper to write his last will and testament, which the captain refusing, he turned toward his friends and took his leave, saying: "Since, my loving friends, I cannot bequeath you any other thing, in acknowledgment of what I owe you, I leave you at least the richest and best portion I have, that is, the image of my manners and life, which doing, you will obtain true happiness." The language in this instance is highly significant, and looks directly to the root of the vital principle by which one human being can be the savior of another, that is, through the dignity, force, and nobility of example. A simple declaration of principles has not the power to exalt the soul of another; it needs a practical, living effort, following up the declaration as an unmistakable pledge of sincerity. These combined will take hold of the human heart, and will bind up the moral nature. Had the gentle Nazarene only declared his sentiments, unaccompanied with a life of suffering and sacrifice for the well-being of the human family, he had not proved a saving power to such vast numbers. His earnest efforts to heal the sick and suffering, to lift up the lowly—and that without regard to the cause of their degradation—was an example that appeals to our highest perceptions of exalted moral excellence. Such an example moves upon our moral affections with an almost resistless power; it comes as falling dews to the inmost temple of our personal consciousness.

But how is it that the human soul bows reverently before the grandeur of such an example, if not because there is in every child of the common Father, germinal soul qualities that correspond to those manifested by Jesus? Can the human soul drink in the sublimity of an example, except there be a counterpart that responds to the same nobleness of life and deeds, though it may not yet have attained moral growth and strength to carry them out in personal action? Jesus stood out as a great beacon light against mankind's moral sky, far in advance of those around him, and it is fortunate for humanity that God has been pleased to send exalted standard bearers to various nations, according to their several needs and conditions. And he has graciously placed a standard bearer in each human soul, which tenderly, yes, persuasively calls us to "come up higher" in the pathway of advancement. We never reach our holiest ideal of goodness; still higher up the mountain we hear the voice of the Divinity within us, and when in our earnest struggling we reach the point which we had thought to be the goal of our aspiration, lo! it is not there, but the flag waves farther up. Thus the soul must keep ever rising from point to point, ever nearing the matchless perfections of the Divine Fountain Source, but never reaching the fullness of infinite perfection.

What the philosopher Seneca was to his friends, what Jesus has been to vast millions, may not every individual be, in a minor circle, or sense, to some one or more of the human family? It is our deeds that go down so deep into the human soul; our tender compassion, the warm glow of sympathy and friendship, not our creeds, religious forms or ceremonies. It is something deeper, richer, stronger, than tenets or professions. It is the vitalizing life of our inmost being, going forth to lift up the drooping heart, causing the depressed to feel our genial kindness as a gushing fountain of unfeigned sympathy, casting smiles of hope in the gloomy pathway of the unfortunate, the morally weak and fallen.

These are the works that follow us, and will exert a saving power upon the hearts of others, long after our outer forms shall be sealed in the tomb, and after the soul shall have entered upon the enjoyment of a life, the happiness of which may be measured by the deeds of loving mercy and kindness that it shall have strewn along its pathway. True religion is not narrow and confining in its influence; its tendency is to make the soul broad, deep, strong. It enables us to gather up the peoples of all nationalities and climes within the embrace of the soul's good-will—into the grasp of its generous, fraternal feelings. Nor need we fear that one noble, self-sacrificing act, even of a long life, will be lost; all are recorded on the tablets of our individuality, and treasured up by those on whom they have fallen as the sweetness of a divine incense. Have we in life taken kindly by the hand some little tiny orphan wanderer, pressed it home to our heart, bestowed upon it our love, sympathy and protection? The sweep of years may seem almost to have wiped the act away from memory; yet it remains, and when cycles of time shall have elapsed, should we meet that once lone orphan in the Father's higher mansions, we may find those deeds as fresh in memory as early plants of spring.

Our works not only follow us, but to some extent they may go many years in advance of us, for it is in human souls that God keeps a record of human acts; these are his judgment books, and if they record for us a life on earth spent in devotion to just principles, then, and only then, may we rejoice in the records we stamp on human memories. When the large-souled Isaac Hopper was quietly waiting to be ferried over the river to a coming life, she that was once a poor, friendless, homeless girl, presented herself before him as he sat in the dim twilight of old age, and said to him, "Do you remember me?" to which he responded, "Nay." Then calling his attention to some circumstances in years gone by, she said, "I have come to thank you, for now I have enough of this world's goods. My husband stands among the honored statesmen of the land, and this dear boy whom I now present to you, is my child; but had you not, in the kindness of your heart, shielded and protected me in my dark hours of weakness, I had been crushed before the world."

The good man's life record had been so made up of tender mercies towards humanity, that it might have been difficult for him to recall to his memory many a noble act of his life, at a time when the sunset hours of departure were dropping their shades around him; but oh! how gently, how peacefully must the shadows of death come to the pillow of such a man!

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For the Present Age.

POLITICS VS. SPIRITUALISM.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* has two articles relative to the taxation of church property, remarking that the exemption of such from taxation "is in fact taxing those who do not belong to the churches to support an institution they perhaps do not believe in, or, at all events, do not care about. * * * * Suppose a number of citizens should see fit to abjure Christianity and embrace Pantheism or Paganism, and should build a gorgeous temple to the spirits of the elements or to the gods of their idolatry, and should fill it with costly idols with diamond eyes and expensive habiliments; would not those who own the churches consider that it should be taxed as other property? And if so why should not the handsome buildings with velvet cushions and high priced carpets, come into the same category? * * * * If it was proposed to levy a general tax to pay the salaries of Christian ministers, there would be complaints without number; and yet precisely the same result is reached by raising the taxes upon other descriptions of property in order that churches may be exempt. The State Constitution says that taxation shall be uniform and equal. Let the Pagan and the Christian, therefore, be equally called upon to contribute to the public burden."

From the next issue of the same paper it appears that a bill exempting churches asylums, etc., from taxation was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means in the California Assembly; the majority concluded it would be best to "let it die of cold neglect; but *Luttrell* and *French* determined to have the matter come up before the House, so they made a minority report in favor of the resolution. There seems to be a growing disposition to make every species of property pay its due proportion of taxation, and this includes churches owned by rich congregations who pay large salaries to sensational preachers to preach the Word(?) Now why shouldn't these be taxed?" A pertinent question. If it was asked why they are *not* taxed I should reply: Because Spiritualists, Free Religionists and free-thinkers choose to vote for party nominees who vote for these exemptions to secure popularity. When these classes are robbed, as in New York or California, both directly by donations and indirect exemptions of church property, in order to support religious institutions, and then informed by professed Spiritualists that Spiritualism should have nothing to do with politics, it is adding insult by professed friends to injury by open foes. In New York State within three years, real estate valued at about five millions has been donated by the legislature, New York city and municipality, to Catholic Institutions, and one million to Protestant orthodox institutions, besides $2,168,231.39 in cash. If the above classes pay one-tenth part of the taxes in that state, over $800,000 of their money has been given away by politicians to disseminate opinions which they (the liberals) believe to be ruinous to the best interests of mankind! Yet we are advised to take it all philosophically, and let the churches continue to bleed us, while all our means are needed to disseminate our own views. If this is philosophy I don't want to be a philosopher.

Now let us show another way these religionists have of bleeding honest people. I quote from the San Francisco *Chronicle* again:

"LAND MONOPOLY.—The population of California is set down at 560,223 persons. Of this number 149,473 are residents of San Francisco. Including these, 249,738 are dwellers in the larger cities and towns, leaving 310,485 as occupants of the smaller towns in the aggregate and many districts, and as tillers of the soil. Of the latter class it has been estimated that 23,375 are actual owners and cultivators of farms. * * * There is no better climate elsewhere than ours, nor any place where the profits of farming are larger. * * * Larger crops are produced here with less labor than in any known country; and yet with all these advantages only 23,375 out of a population of over 560,000 are farmers.

This is doubtless attributable in a great degree to the grievous land monopoly with which we are cursed. By the fact is that nearly if not quite all the most valuable lands in the State are in the hands of a few holders, who gained control of them at low prices (by Mexican grants, real and pretended,) and who now hold them for enormous profits at such rates as to deter immigration. If means could be taken to force these monopolists to sell, such as taxing large tracts of land held by individuals at full value, it would doubtless have the effect of bringing in many small but industrious farmers."

Eight centuries or so ago in Europe robbers on a large scale, owning castles or palaces difficult of access, swooped down upon peaceful cultivators and obtained the fruits of their labors. To "make their peace with God" in their old age, they would use a portion of the proceeds thus obtained in building churches and monasteries. Now the same class of people control legislatures, courts and congresses; thus fraudulently appropriating large tracts of land, under various pretexts, they make cultivators pay heavy toll in cost of land and transportation, being monopolists of both, especially in California. Thus they can afford to build churches, while honest liberals, impoverished through their means, can rarely build halls. Then these men induce legislatures not to tax those churches and so throw an additional tax on the community at large.

But then, Spiritualists must not interfere in politics, must vote on *both* sides, so as to keep the robbers and ecclesiastics in power! They must kiss the rod by which they are chastised, keep up the political parties by which they are ground down; because if they all voted one way they could so control legislative and executive bodies that they would enjoy the fruits of their own labor and every man might soon sit under his own vine and fig tree, while those who wanted churches would have to build and run them at *their own* expense instead of ours. A. C.

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THE MOVEMENT AND METHOD.

Such is the organization of society that there is always something astir. There is war, with its din and strife—peace, with its jubilant celebration. An immense highway opened on one continent, and a balance operation at an isthmus on another. A total eclipse starts the *savans* from all quarters, and political epochs, wherever they may arise, challenge controversy in every community.

One question is scarcely settled ere a second complication presents itself, and that is followed by a third. The edges overlap, and all move somewhat in concert. The solution of one difficulty half explains many others. The general keeps pace with the special. We cannot see the network—how threads diverge and converge. We are set to play our *role* under the guidance of the Divine Prompter. He takes obscure men for prominent parts, and lifts the humble to the first ranks of fame. He makes poverty a lever, and hunger an inventor and discoverer. Between the shop and lip he flashes out verses which the race keeps sacred forever. At some critical moment he ferrets a leader from the mass, and kindles within him a masterly eloquence which captivates the common mind. He cannot be measured by rules. Scan the near, and the action will be with the remote. Scent afar, and, lo! the marvels will be at our feet. The exalted put on sackcloth, and the homeless become sovereigns or their peers.

As units, our happiest moods are those in which we share the heart-beat of the populace, or are exercised individually by worthy plans, eager aspirations, or practical consummations. Pauses have no zest unless rife with expectation. We must have one foot upon the next summit; this certain, we can reach back, and serve as staff for the fainting. We manage our two-fold project because we sense its double import.

After ardent wishes comes harmony, the despair of most men, the possession of but few. In that condition we infer that we drop every specimen among its genus. We are in unison with the external world, our internal abode, and the vast, prophetic hereafter, of all that is, and may yet be. There must be a rest comparative in kind to that of Him who sees from chaos to sublime order, who is calm amid turmoil, peaceful in the center of convulsion. We are anchored where no storm can unmoor us. Whichever way we turn, our north star is before us. We earn this stake by the weary round of larger and lesser duties. We jump not to points, but reach them over flinty roads, white with the dust of travel. There is no vicarious help save what we glean from the experience of our predecessors. We must bleed afresh to make that really our own. How much it requires to preserve us as personalities! We must distil our own gall and wormwood, and find its antidote in an elixir equally distinct. Gold and silver answer for merchandise, but neither they nor the kingdom of gems can buy one quality of manhood. By his exit, the millionaire may excite notoriety by pomp and dross, but they may have only heaped verdigris upon his soul so that Charon will quibble about the transportation of such a passenger—while the meekly innocent, unused to the sound of their own name save for the convenience of others, and wrapped in the shroud of pity or charity, may meet a celestial barge which has no counterpart here, convoyed by the pure in heart, who detect and welcome the quality of diamonds of rarest worth.—*The Commonwealth.*

California Correspondence.

RIVERSIDE COLONY.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—For six months, during the dry season of the year, the prevailing winds are west, southwest, being the regular trade-winds of the Pacific which passing through the canyon of the Santa Ana River in the Coast Range, spread over this valley divested in their passage of the chills and fogs of the ocean. This breeze commences at about 11 A. M., and ceases at sundown. During the early winter months there are occasional though heavy north winds, which constitute, perhaps, the only real drawback to this place, and which when the surface of the earth is dry, cause the atmosphere to be loaded with sand and dust, making it very unpleasant while they last. They are always severer when the drought continues through those months; when the ground is moist, very little inconvenience is experienced. When sufficient foliage shall cover these plains, these winds will not injure the growing fruit trees. During the wet season, from November to May, the prevailing winds are south, southeast, from which quarter nearly all our rainfall comes. Hurricanes are unknown.

Since the settlement of this region by the Mexicans some thirty or forty years ago, but one severe shock of earthquake has occurred, and that during the early settlement; no material damage, however, was done; since that time occasional slight shocks have been felt, but not nearly so severe as those nearer the coast. During the winter months there is an abundance of wild game, particularly geese and ducks, also quail, curlew, and plover. The wild animals found here in limited number, whose home is in the mountains, are antelope, California lion, *coyote* (a species of prairie-wolf) and the wild-cat. On the plains is an abundance of the hare and the rabbit; also the badger, the gopher, and the ground-squirrel. Bears formerly inhabited all this region, but they have disappeared excepting in the Sierra range, twenty-five miles distant, and there they are seen but seldom. Occasionally rattlesnakes are seen on the plains, but they are fast disappearing. The tarantula, the scorpion, and the centipede, are occasionally found, but are becoming less numerous every year. Musquitoes are seldom seen or felt here.

There are no roving tribes of wild Indians in Southern California, but there are a few Catholic Indians, converted by the early missionaries from Mexico, who are peaceable, and many of them industrious, and who perform much of the labor done here. Scattered throughout the valleys are also small neighborhoods of Mexicans, who were found here when California was ceded to the United States. There are estimated to be about 250,000 sheep wandering over the valleys of San Bernardino county, with many thousand head of cattle and wild horses. The cattle afford excellent beef, which brings here from seven to ten cents per pound for good quality.

As a rule, Southern California is not a wheat-bearing region, but there are localities where it is a *certain* crop, with an unusually fine and plump berry. On the east side of the Santa Ana River, from the Sierras to the Coast-Range, are located what are termed red-bench-lands, occupying the space between the bottom lands of the Santa Ana and the Low Range of the mountains on the east, comprising a strip of level land from two to five miles wide, and about twenty long. *The company's purchase is part of this strip.* Since the early settlement of this region by the Mexicans, it has been a common practice, excepting in years of drought, for the Mexicans to raise wheat for home consumption. No irrigation is required, and the grain ripens soon after the commencement of the dry season. The *rust* in wheat is seldom known on these bench-lands, in consequence of the absence of fogs that usually prevail between the Coast Range and the ocean, and which there make the raising of wheat a very uncertain venture. It is not uncommon for this bench-land to produce from forty-five to sixty bushels per acre; a fair *average* yield may be put down at thirty bushels per acre. Barley and corn grow luxuriantly on these lands, barley yielding from sixty to ninety bushels per acre, and corn from sixty to one hundred and twenty bushels; indeed the land of Southern California may be said to be the *natural* soil for the corn crop, much more so than any other part of California.

But the great value of these ta
lands is the adaptation of the soil fo
cultivation of grapes and semi-trop
fruits; hence, whenever water can be
troduced for artificial irrigation, th
lands on account of their pecul
adaptation to the grape and semi-trop
fruit culture—become the most valuab
any known in California, from the fa
there is only a limited quantity of
lands capable of irrigation. In the vic
of Los Angeles the culture of the ora
has been quite extensive, with a deserv
world-wide reputation, its fruit comm
ing the highest price in the market. M
of these oranges are raised on the bott
of Los Angeles River, where they can
irrigated very readily. Some forty
years ago, the Hon. B. D. Wilson pla
an orange orchard and vineyard on the
bench-lands near the base of the Sierr
these trees have been in bearing about
years, and public opinion gives the oran
here grown a decided preference, bot
to quality and size, over those raised
Los Angeles, as is shown by their bring
a dollar per hundred more than the lat
Some years later, the Hon. Anson
Louven, of old San Bernardino, pla
his orange orchard on the same red-be
lands as those of Riverside and its vicin
about ten miles above, on the same sid
the river. This orchard has been in be
for three seasons, the fruit of which is
quality, fully equal to that of Mr. Wi
but larger in size. Last fall a single
ter of twelve of these oranges was brou
to Riverside for exhibition, which weig
eleven pounds six ounces. The oran
there grown are of a rich golden color,
fectly free from the dark rusty spot
common in the Los Angeles oranges
which is believed to be in consequence
the absence of fogs that prevail so ex
sively in Los Angeles.

The population of Riverside prop
at present about one hundred and sev
five. About one half of this number
here during the winter and spring of 18
71, expecting the completion of irrig
ditches in March; but in consequence
the severe drought of last winter, the
was prolonged until July, thus preven
the settlers getting in crops for the se
of 1871; this defect is now, however,
remedied by abundance of water fro
the ditches. In consequence of this
the company has forborne taking an
ters or outside means to invite immigr
here, until such time as the water co
made available by the settlers gener
Quite a large accession to the popul
has been made since September, and
still increasing. There are a consider
number of persons here who are sceptic
of, and believers in Spiritualism, more
less in its many phases, and they ar
the more cultured portion of the pe
those who can neither be deluded by
falsities, nor moved by the fears or th
of the orthodox few who thought
here. EDWARD BROWN

RIVERSIDE, CAL., February 15, 1872.

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VERMONT CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—As you hav
regular Vermont correspondent, and th
ing you would like to hear how our c
is progressing, and what at the pr
time is agitating the minds of the pe
under the brow of old Mansfield Moun
I take the liberty of addressing you. Sp
itualism is surely on the increase in
cold state, not only in numbers but in
fluence. This is the second year my h
band has spoken to this society. We
a good church, a fine pipe organ, an
regular choir, and audiences who do
attend from curiosity only, but to lear
the truth of this philosophy, and to a
they can in advancing it. In our con
tions we have had the fire of Denton
the inspirations of Storer. Baconand
to set the people to thinking, and to
to the cause a more practical turn.
last, though not least, we are all thi
about the Woodhull reformation. In
letters from the far West and the ex
East, the question is propounded, "W
do you think of Victoria C. Woodh
and I find it difficult to give a rep
though I am fully convinced that she
of the wonders of the age. Whethe
will disappear as suddenly as some of
num's wonders, I know not. I al
stand in awe of any one who sends
such an influence that the masses g
their pens to bless and curse her.
she has done more for female suffrag
any one else, and that her object is
a purer government and a better know
of the financial affairs of our coun
believe. That she has not fully exp
herself upon the social question an
sadly mixed up matters, I also be
Who can for a moment believe that Vi
C. Woodhull intended that a part of
the community should think that she
vocates looseness in social life which
ready rampant throughout the w
that we need no restraint upon our
natures? that a husband of an hour
necessary to some as a husband of a l
time? Such fickleness would carry us
to the darker ages. She boldly affirms
if one has the propensity of stealing
he or she should come under the co
of law, that the rights of others sh
not be infringed upon. Why then sh
not *all* of the lower faculties be co
by law? She must mean this or her p
ises are inconsistent. If angels are at
helm rowing her barque through the
of ideas, we surely shall be landed
the right side of the question. I, fo
am willing to trust the same God who
ever worked for the advancement of h
manity. MRS. M. HENRY HO

STOWE, March 13th, 1872.

Scientific.

[illegible] the last rear of the host will read traces [illegible].—CARLYLE.

For the Present Age.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XXIV.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

Cuvier's contributions. In the quarries of Montmartre, in the vicinity of Paris, as the workmen were digging out gypsum, they came upon some curious bones which excited much speculation among scientific men. Geottard described many of them, yet with no apparent understanding of their true place or importance. At length a few bones were brought to Cuvier for examination, who at once pronounced them as belonging to extinct animals. Then other bones were brought to the great naturalist, though not a sufficient number to enable him to restore an entire skeleton. But he instituted a comparison of them with the bones of existing species of mammals and by following the principles he had previously applied in the study of fossil elephants, he completed the task of restoring these fragments to their proper place in the zoological series. He found the bones were not identical with any existing species, nor could they even be referred to any genus now living. Finally an upper jaw of some animal was found in the gypsum above referred to: then a lower jaw matching the upper one; and at last a complete skull and some vertebral joints were brought to light. These gave Cuvier the key to the whole skeleton, and his exhaustive knowledge of the laws of structure enabled him to restore each bone, to its proper place, until the unique forms of the animals assumed an almost living embodiment before him. He says:

> The essential character of a tooth, and its relation to the skull, being determined, immediately all the other elements of the fabric fell into their places, and the vertebra, ribs, bones of the legs, thighs, and feet, seemed to arrange themselves even without my bidding, and precisely in the manner I had predicted."

From these fragments Cuvier sketched the outlines of two animals, one of which he named *paleotherium* (ancient beast), and the other *anoplotherium* (without fangs). He presented these figures with explanations to the academy, declaring that the animals belonged to some creation earlier than our own geological period. These opinions were regarded with suspicion, as savoring of infidelity by nearly all classes. The thoughtful few hailed the new discoveries as the beginning of a new epoch in science.

A large proportion of the specimens from the older tertiaries, belong to the order of *pachyderm* or thick skinned mammals, having a general resemblance to modern tapirs. The hog, horse, and elephant, by having a thick skin, are also included in this order. A million years ago these strange animals were floated down the turbid rivers from the south, and deposited in the mud which has since hardened to form the quarries of Montmartre. Other remains of animals have been found in these old quarries, allied to the opossum, squirrel, fox, wolf, raccoon, dog, &c.

Other foreign Tertiary. The tertiary strata have a wide distribution over Europe and Asia, covering portions of the Pyrenees, Alps, and Carpathians to a height of ten thousand feet. They occupy the southern slopes of the Himalayas, and extend into western Thibet, where they rise above the ocean sixteen thousand feet. Morocco Asia Minor, and Persia are of these deposits. The Pyramids of Egypt are in part built of nummulitic limestone belonging to this period.

Shells called nummulites (*nummis*, a piece of money), are peculiar to lower tertiary rocks, and furnish an excellent guide by which to determine the geological position of certain formations. In some regions the nummulitic deposits attain a thickness of several thousand feet.

Distribution of American Tertiary. The continent of America received its successive additions from age to age, much after the manner of growth of an exogenous tree, radiating in a series of concentric rings. Not only mere depressions about the Rocky Mountain slopes filled with tertiary deposits, but the southern fringe of the continent was considerably expanded by accumulations along the coast. From New Jersey southward through Maryland and Virginia, early tertiary strata cover a narrow coast region. Thence they extend in a belt from one hundred to two hundred miles wide westward through Alabama to Texas, and northward from the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Ohio.

Beds of somewhat later date, called *miocene* deposits, formed in large inland lakes, extend over the western plateaus, known as the "Upper Missouri region." Into these the trees, fruits, and animal relics from the neighboring lands were swept down by the floods, and found a burial with other fossil records. Seams of lignite (brown coal) from one to four feet in thickness are also associated with these deposits.

Petroleum shales a thousand feet thick and occupying an area of twelve hundred square miles, occur near the junction of White and Green rivers, in Utah and Colorado, of middle tertiary date, abounding in impressions of leaves and insects. It is estimated by Prof. Denton, who discovered these shales, that from twenty to sixty gallons of oil could be obtained from every ton of shale, the whole containing at least forty billion barrels of this fluid combustible. Seventy species of insects, a large proportion of them flies, were collected by Prof. Denton from these shales.

In California and Oregon are middle tertiary deposits, in some places fifteen hundred feet thick. They occur along the flanks of the Peninsular range, in the latitude of San Diego, San Joaquin and Tulare valleys,in the Columbia and Willamette valleys; and on the coast north and south of San Francisco, where the beds are mixed with metamorphic and talcose slate deposits, in which also occur mines of quicksilver.

Tripoli stone. A silicious stone called tripoli consisting of microscopic organisms,is a remarkable rock of this period. It embraces a stratum twenty to thirty feet in thickness, extending from the Chesapeake in Md., to Petersburg, Va. The city of Richmond was built upon it. Its peculiar structure suggests the organic origin of many rocks in which no fossils can be detected without the aid of the microscope.

Other tertiary animals. Among the mammals of this period, the *zeuglodon* (yoke tooth) is of special interest. It was a sea monster of the whale kind, about seventy feet in length, and closely allied to the modern sea-cow. Its home was Alabama, in the vicinity of Claibourne. The vertebræ were a foot and a half in length, and a foot in diameter. The bones are so abundant in Alabama that they are used for walls and fences. These relics belong to the lower *eocene* epoch. The Yorktown (*miocene*) beds, near the Atlantic coast, contain whales, dolphins, seals, and walruses. At Sumpter S. C., *pliocene* beds contain bones of the mastodon and stag. But it is in the pliocene beds of the Upper Missouri region, we find the great cemetery of the epoch. From thence twenty-seven species of mammals have been obtained, all extinct. They include three species of camel, mastodon, mammoth, five species of horse, several species of deer, besides wolves, foxes, beaver, and porcupines.

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For the Present Age.

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

BY LEROY SUNDERLAND.

When only two years old, passing a graveyard with an elder sister, she cautioned me not to look back, "for," said she, "if you look back, on passing a grave, you will surely be buried alive." The idea of being buried alive impressed me with a sense of horror, which followed me long after I had passed the meridian of life. It was so deep that for many years I could never pass a grave without a vivid memory of what that sister had said to me, when a very little boy.

It would seem that while the human brain is in the process of *growth*, and the nutritive *forces* constantly at work, adding to its size, the records made by *current events* upon the lamella, by *memory* become so distinct that they always remain legible. But *records* made on memory's pages, in after life, when the tissues have all become fully matured, are evanescent and easily lost.

There may be, perhaps, what we might call three of these leaves on which memory makes its records. The first or inmost is that degree which is deepest and extends the farthest back; so far, that the consciousness scarcely ever reaches it, as it does, now and then, in cases of disease, accident, or some other extraordinary cause, which may call it up. The second *leaf* is that one on which records are made, of which we are not *constantly* cognizant. For these records, we always have to *search*. We rub our foreheads, and *think*, and make an effort to remember. The third is the *external* memory, and on this page we have all those offices of common life and the daily routine of business.

There is a physiological reason why none but truthful or scientific ideas should ever be advanced to children. All ideas, as to matters of faith, or things not provable, respecting God or another world, children should be left free to form for themselves. When the youthful intellect is once possessed by ideas in matters merely speculative, or theological, there is a sense in which it cannot be said to be free, on arriving at maturity. Thus, in Popery and the numerous forms of sectarian *faith*, a large percentage are now enslaved by false ideas, and such ideas as they never could have received had the parties been left free in childhood.

I could name a good family, now living, who, within the last few years have outgrown the shackles of Methodism. When their four children were young, these parents were strong Methodists. But their Methodism did not spoil the mother's sound sense, and hence, she was, even then, often heard to say, that she would never teach her children to pray, "for," said she, "if when matured they feel the need of prayer, they will themselves know what to pray for." These parents and their children, are no longer Methodists, nor any kind of creedists.

When but a child my own mind was pathetized into the belief of a creed, and faith in false ideas of God. And now, while it is more than one third of a century since, I had fully outgrown those false ideas, see to what an extent they may be said to have cast their dark shadows behind them, even but just now. Last week Mr. William Denton closed his third course of lectures, in this town, all of which I have heard and with a great deal of pleasure. In one of them he was declaiming against the Christian idea of hell, when he said: "If there be such a hell, then I say that this Christian's God, himself, ought to be the first one cast into it!" Now, albeit I was, myself, in perfect sympathy with Mr. Denton's views on that subject, yet, when that sentence dropped from his lips, I felt a sudden impulse of fear, and unconsciously looked around, expecting to see half the audience arise upon their feet, and leave the hall! I knew, that a large number present were Christians, and remembering how I felt when I was a Christian, my first thought was, that the Christians then present would do as I might perhaps have done, forty years ago! I feared that all their ears had been cut off, and they would come no more to hear Mr. Denton. Indeed, one of those very pious brethren, the next day declared that he would give two dollars to have the lecturer rode on a rail! My own opinion is that Mr. Denton is doing good,and he deserves well of the community.

QUINCY, Mass., March, 16.

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A curious experiment was tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera, but the beds were, in fact, new and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

Phenomenal.

For the Present Age.

PHENOMENAL EXPERIENCES.

BY J. E. MOTT.

NUMBER II.

At this time I read an account in your paper of demonstrations at Moravia, New York, and being about to make a trip East, I determined to visit Moravia on my return route.

December 23rd, I called upon Mrs. Wild, medium, at 551 Washington street, Boston, an entire stranger to me. We sat facing each other. In a few moments she was entranced, and taking me by the hand, her eyes firmly closed, she exclaimed: "Chief! you bring an army of friends with you, and they are anxious to talk with you." I asked her if she could give my name. In a few moments she said: "Your name is an old-fashioned one—Jonathan—the name of your uncle. He is here. But, chief, what about the pictures?" I answered: "Well, what about them?" Reaching forward, she took from the inside breast pocket of my coat, one of several envelopes. It contained, together with several other photographs, three which had been given to me since leaving home. She took from the envelope the picture of a little child, saying, "That is of your blood." She then took out the picture of the child's mother saying: "That is of your blood also." She then took out the picture of the child's father, saying: "That is *not* of your blood; he came and took papoose's mother." These statements were true in every respect. Her eyes had remained closed all this time. She continued: "Chief,you have received these three pictures since you left home;" then added: "your wife Jane is here and her mother. Your wife Louisa is here with two papooses—a boy and girl. Your wife Mary is here, and William Holmes, your brother-in-law; and your father, mother, and brother, and a lady calling herself Sarah, who is a friend of Mary and yourself." I was not able at the time to recognize Sarah, and upon so informing the medium, she replied that Sarah was an acquaintance, that she was one of my band of spirit friends, and that in a short time I would be made to recognize her. "Your friends will all show themselves to you within a few days and you will know them."

She then said: "Chief, what about that lock of hair your squaw has at your wigwam?"—I asked,"Where did she get it?" She replied: "It was put into her fingers at a spirit circle. It is a golden link between your spirit wife Mary and your squaw at home. I do not mean that its color is golden but that it is a golden link of friendship binding them together." She then related to me many incidents in my past life, about which she could have had no knowledge independent of spirit communication. In describing, and giving the names of my band of spirit friends, accuracy was observable, and I was able to recognize all of them except Sarah.

A few days later, I called upon Mrs. Bowditch who had lectured the previous Sunday at Temple Hall, and had a sitting with her. She gave me similar tests to those given by Mrs. Wild, excepting those in relation to the pictures and lock of hair. She spoke of Sarah and said she was burned to death. Upon my informing her that I could not bring to mind any friend named Sarah whose death was caused by fire, she stated that Sarah would certainly make herself known to me. The day following I called upon Mrs. Carlisle on Camden street for a sitting. She described several of my band of spirit friends, saying that I would see them with the natural eye in a few days—that they were determined to speak with me and convince me beyond doubt of the immortality of the soul. She also named Sarah as one of my friends and the companion of my spirit wife Mary.

Taking the cars for New York that evening, I occupied an upper sleeping berth, retiring early. In the fore part of the night I was awakened by hearing pronounced audibly and distinctly, the word "Sarah," and then more plainly "Sarah Hector," It instantly flashed upon my mind who Sarah Hector was, and I inquired audibly: "Sarah, is it you?" She replied: "By placing her hand upon my forehead.

In the summer of 1853, my wife Mary was boarding at a small neat country hotel in the village of Greenville, Ohio. While there she made the acquaintance of a young lady, a teacher in the neighborhood, which acquaintance soon grew into warm friendship. In the autumn of that year, a few weeks after myself and wife had left the village, this young lady, occupying a room in which there was a fire place, in front of which she was seated reading, was suddenly seized in a fit, as is supposed, fell into the fire and was burned to death. Her name was Sarah Hector, and she had so far passed from my memory that the hearing of the first name, Sarah, could not recall her.

The morning of December 27th found me in New York City, at a table in the office of C. H. Foster, in company with Robert Dale Owen and two other persons, a lady and gentleman. As directed by Mr. Foster, I wrote the names of the spirits from whom I desired communications—namely Jane, Louisa, Mary, Abner, Abigail, Jacob, William, and Sarah. Each name was written upon a separate piece of paper and folded in the usual form of a voting ballot, and laid carelessly upon the table. Mr. Foster had not seen them till now. The slips all had the same appearance. Taking them up one at a time carelessly, without examining them at all, he pronounced the name written, and gave the relationship they sustained to me, which was not written, and a separate communication from each. Mr. Foster then said: "Your spirit friends just named are all going with you to Moravia, where they will show themselves and speak with you face to face." Sarah said: "I was on the cars with you last night and made you recognize me." My spirit wife Louisa said: "Little Johnnie and Janie are with me and very happy." They were our children who died at the same time with their mother, Louisa, of small pox. Mr. Foster said he would give to me the spirit and earth names of my children both in spirit and in earth life, which he did as follows, the names in italics being the spirit names: Lodema, *Lillie*; John, *Birdie*; Jane, *Tiney*; Rolla, *Fidelity*; Rolla 2nd, *Beauty*; Katie, *Euphemia*; and the following, who are living: Mary, *Daisy*; John E. (no spirit name given;) Ettie, *Hyacinth*; Frank (none given) Lincoln, *Liberty*; Jennie (none given.)

In the afternoon I called upon Doctor Slade, No. 210 West 43d street, where I received written communications from my wife Mary, William Holmes, and my brother Jacob. The handwriting of each was readily recognized by me as identical with that of their earth life. William Holmes wrote: "Your wife Mary and I will visit you together at Moravia, where you will see us both at the same time." My brother Jacob wrote: "God bless mediumship! I will be with you at Moravia." Owasso, the controlling spirit of Dr. Slade, wrote: "I will meet you at Moravia and you shall recognize me." This writing was done on a slate held between the thumb and finger of Dr. Slade's right hand, while his left hand rested upon the table and always in my view. The pencil with which the writing was done was a bit of slate pencil, less in size than, but resembling in shape, a grain of wheat, always adhering to the slate at the close of the communications written. When the writing was being executed, the slate was held closely up under the table leaf, or upon my head. No deception was possible, it being done in broad daylight.

Leaving New York on the evening of the 27th, I arrived at Moravia the following evening with my brother-in-law, C. H. S., and his wife who accompanied me from Fayetteville. But without investigating Spiritualism at all they returned home, pronouncing it a humbug, as I was informed by "Hento," of whom I will speak hereafter.

CHICAGO, ILL.

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[The following beautiful poem, composed for the PRESENT AGE, with reference to the twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, we regard as one of the choicest gems with which we have ever favored our readers. ED. AGE.]

ANNIVERSARY ODE

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting. Micah v. 2.

Out of little things and nameless have the highest deeds had birth,
From the atoms of accretion grew the slow and patient earth;
From the rills that twine their fingers through the tresses of the plain,
Flow the rivers calm and mighty to the billows of the main;
From the rending of the earthquake sprang the mountains grand and high,
With God's whiteness on their foreheads and their faces to the sky;
After rest within the valley comes the glorious strength to climb
From the track of vanished toilers up the forward steeps of time.

Down the battlements of Freedom we have cast our chains away,
We have turned from creed and custom to the dawning of the day,
We have left a Gospel writ in stone with ivy overgrown,
For a temple grand and holy, reared in human hearts alone;
Passed the darkness of derision, braved the bigot's coward sneer,
Till from foes beyond our borders we have little else to fear,
And we gather on the highland where our cause has won its way,
For the words of cheer and clasp of hands that crown our festal day.

Each to each, we give you welcome! Aged champions of Truth,
With the silver hairs of honor and the throbbing heart of youth!
Workers young and strong and hopeful, with your good deeds manifold
For the healing of the nations in the hidden Age of Gold—
Welcome all! and send your greeting over mountain, lake and plain,
To a million voices joining in the chorus of the strain,
For from ocean unto ocean call the voices of the free,
While the dim Sierras watch the souls that keep our jubilee.

And the feet of the immortals fall with soundless tread to-day,
Patriots, martyrs, bards and sages who have vanished from the way,
And the beautiful and tender, the beloved of our life,
Stir the air beside us softly in the pauses of the strife;
Their refrain with ours is blending, clearer, purer, sweeter far,
Like a wandering strain from Eden when the gates are left ajar,
Leading on to hights untrodden, through the distance drawing near,
And we syllable the music of their holy atmosphere.

Watchman on the tower of time,
Hears't thou not from chime to chime
Bells the future peals sublime?

First the gleam of sunset bars,
Then a link through earthly jars
Lifting us beyond the stars!

First a single wavering song,
Now its full tide floats along
Ringing in the doom of wrong;

Ringing out old party strife,
Through the land with shadows rife
Ringing in the newer life!

See'st thou not the mists have rolled
Up their stairway, fold on fold,
Touching summits tipped with gold?

Listen: never bark will fail
Bearing *steadily* the gale,
Truth is strong and must prevail!

Truth is strong, and needs no blows
Dealt in rage at blinded foes—
Walled by hate the prison grows!

Hate has sown its Upas tree,
Love has holier ministry,
Great high souls shall make men free.

Scorn no code of partial good;
Stamped in ages dim and rude
Were the types of masterhood.

Scorn no work at midnight wrought,
If thy radiant afterthought
Proves thee only—better taught.

They have wrought as best they might
Who in darkness whispered, "Light!"
Yearning for a clearer sight.

And perchance their taper's glow
Struggling far through wastes of snow
Lights *thy* pathway—who shall know?

If thy heavenward thoughts rise higher,
Burning with the prophetic fire,
Let not weakness rouse thine ire.

Still the old enthrones the new,
Each point toward the sunny blue
Spreads below a broader view.

Still in mysteries of chance
God's unerring shuttles glance
Through the warp of circumstance.

Hold no feud with church or creed,
BETTER DAY HAS BETTER DEED,
Ours it is to fill the need.

Let no chord of kindness rust,
Give the hand of faith and trust,
Like thy brother, thou art dust.

Only Truth can never fail,
Trim thou warily the sail,
Truth is strong and SHALL prevail!

Hope and faith our souls may borrow to illume the sunward way,
While we hold our pulses steady with the faults of yesterday;
They must listen as they triumph who would keep abreast of Time,
While the past and future mingle in a harmony sublime;
Through the groans of fettered nations, through the sacrifice of ruth,
Rings the bugle note of Progress from the citadel of Truth,
While the sentry up the mountain has the same brave word to tell,
"On forever!" sounds the vanguard, and the watch-cry "All is well!"

A. H.

WAUKEGAN, ILL. March 31st, 1872.

"THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE SWORD."

Our associate, E. S. Wheeler, has been speaking the past two months in Memphis, Tenn., where he became acquainted with the *Tablet*, a new paper published in that city, devoted in its leading feature to the advocacy of the new movement in behalf of woman. Mrs. E. A. Merriweather, the editor, is conducting this paper with such marked ability as to leave no doubt of the fact, that she is well qualified for the duties of her position. Something of the spirit of the *Tablet* and its editress may be inferred from the following statement of its terms:

"$3.00 to men; $1.50 to unmarried working women; 75 cents to women who have lazy or drunken husbands to support."

Our associate sent us a kindly-intended notice of the paper which we were glad to publish, for we appreciate the excellence of the *Tablet* with the single exception alluded to by Mr. Wheeler. At the time, we almost regretted Mr. W.'s reference to past sectional differences; but our good sister cannot consistently object, while she herself continues so frequently to make the subject the theme for editorial remark, and with the objectionable spirit in which they are manifestly written. If our readers will refer to the PRESENT AGE of March 2d (No. 178) they will find the editorial notice of the *Tablet* to which its editress takes exception. Her criticism of it which we republish on the eighth page of this number, constituted the leading editorial of her paper two weeks since. We do not realize that "justice" demands the republication of this lengthy article, as our sister editress insists, yet we are not only willing but anxious that our Northern readers should be fully informed as to the arguments and spirit of the South. Our cotemporary has ably presented the extreme Southern view of the secession question, and has manifested, we are sorry to say, too much of the bitterness which we would like to see allayed both North and South.

In the few comments we purpose to make on the editorial in question, we disavow the least unkind feeling, and would extend to our worthy sister the hand fraternal, which we sincerely hope she may receive in the friendly spirit with which it is proffered. Ourself a participant and sufferer in the lamentable conflict, which in our individual capacity, by vote and influence we had for years tried to avoid, we feel competent practically and without partiality to consider the subject; not as a *Northern* man, but as an American citizen, one who hopes to see developed on this continent, the highest type of humanity, the noblest human government. We had long seen omens of the gathering war cloud, at first, no larger than a man's hand, but ere long to assume such magnitude as to darken our political horizon until not a ray of hope remained for a peaceful adjustment between the Northern and Southern sections. That chattel slavery, with all its attendant horrors, could continue to exist, for any great length of time, under the dawning light of a higher civilization, was not problematical to the calm observer. Yet the system was so interwoven with the material interests, social customs and prejudices of the Southern States that when its abolition was proposed, difficulties arose that seemed insurmountable, and our sympathies were enlisted as deeply for the dominant class as for the subordinate. Hence, we continued to act and vote with the party that appeared most likely to adopt a conservative, peaceful course for the removal of the evil entailed upon us by England, a relic of the barbarisms of the darker ages. Hope inspired us even after the slave states, not content to be "let alone" within their own exclusive jurisdiction, demanded through the men whom they sent to represent them in the national councils, the right to extend slavery into the new territories, and over the vast fertile regions of the West even to the Pacific coast, claiming in the exercise thereof, the protection of the general government. To remove the least doubt as to their desire and intention to make the institution national and perpetual, one of their representatives (Toombs) as if determined to exhaust the patience of the free states, from his place in Congress boasted that he "would yet call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument."

The first gun fired at Fort Sumpter, over which waved the stars and stripes, our loved national insignia, banished the last ray of hope of peaceful readjustment, and awoke the liberty-loving of the world. The nation sprung to arms, and the terrible record is before us, terrible in its history of suffering, yet glorious in its results, as showing the upward tendency of humanity, and in preserving this government, the beacon light of hope to the oppressed of all nations. Here we have declared our faith in humanity, our confidence in man's capability of self-government. The result of the conflict has confirmed as a truth that which was hitherto but a speculation.

To the records of the war we will not refer, except so far as may be necessary to properly consider the subject which our cotemporary, in common with many in the South and a few in the North, continues to keep before the people. Both sections of our common country have suffered. That the conquered have suffered the most fearfully, is unquestionably true. It is also true that suffering will be prolonged while the spirit of inharmony that produced the war shall continue to exist. Hence we believe it the duty of the press of both sections to strive in every possible way to allay this spirit. And here we would appeal directly to Mrs. Merriweather—to her higher, nobler nature, and remind her that such a serial story as she is now publishing, and many of her other writings, are calculated to perpetuate a spirit of bitterness, inimical to the best interests, social and political, of the section she represents.

That grave mistakes have been made, since the close of the war, is true of both parties. We favor universal amnesty and every other measure giving promise of a restoration of good feeling, at the earliest possible date. The editress of the *Tablet* yet clings to the idea of the *right* of secession, which point we do not purpose to discuss, except to say that the result of the war has as clearly settled the question as it has that of human slavery. We have now no conflicting interests. Our ranges of grand old mountains, our rivers, the noblest of the globe, running from the great chain of Northern lakes to the Southern gulf, all speak in a language not to be misinterpreted that God designed this magnificent country, so beautifully varied in climate and production, yet so indissolubly united by mountain and river, to be inhabited by one people and controlled by one government.

Let us then accept the situation, and with an earnestness and sincerity of purpose that admits of no failure, go to work to adapt our state and national governments to the growing wants of the people and the advancing civilization of the age. The country we possess is one of the most beautiful of earth. That our government is the highest and best attainable, we are far from believing but we see only retrogression in a change by which this country is to be divided and mapped out, as in Europe, into petty sovereignties of many governments and peoples with distinct interests.

We have made no attempt, nor was it our intention, to reply to the special charges preferred against the national government, and the city of Chicago in particular. We have been less than two years a resident of the city, and have for the first time from your pages heard the strychnine story, and cannot vouch for its truth or falsity. For the better opinion of our common humanity we hope the latter. We could retort by referring to numerous instances of great wrong sustained on our side, but such is not our purpose. Errors were doubtless committed by our government in relation to the exchange of prisoners of war, but we have yet to learn from good authority that the confederacy ever offered to "*free*" their prisoners without an equivalent exchange.

We have no excuse to make for the hangers on of an army, who when in an enemy's country commit many crimes. No doubt there were instances of this kind, always incident to a state of war, and which cannot be wholly prevented by the most vigilant commander. We have no language too strong to express our disapprobation of the conduct which she reprobates, and we do know that such was the spirit of nine-tenths of the officers and men of the Union army, and doubt not that had it been possible for a Southern Sherman, at the head of a victorious army, to march through the North, such crimes would have been just as numerous.

Finally, we endorse the sentiment as expressed by our associate, that through the power and influence of Spiritualism, the antagonisms of our country may be harmonized and the whole earth made to rejoice. In this work we are confident our friend of the *Tablet* will aid us. We are glad to know that we have at least one cause in common—the elevation of woman and enlargement of her sphere of usefulness.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

The celebration of the Fourth of July has become a time-honored custom, with this nation. The fathers of the republic recommended its observance, and for almost one hundred years the people have, on that day, met to commemorate the greatest event in the political history of the world. Many whom we address will, in four years from next July, meet to celebrate the centenary of our nation's natal day. We can anticipate the glad rejoicings from fifty millions of freemen on that occasion, and we have an earnest desire to be a participant in the exercises which will unquestionably eclipse all former celebrations. It would be profitable even now to review the century's history in the mighty changes wrought in the amelioration of the conditions of humanity in their political relations, the cause traceable to the Declaration defiantly hurled at the kings and potentates of the earth, that, before the law, "all men are created free and equal," and that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." As the events of July 4th, 1776, aroused the world to a consideration of their civil rights, so the event we meet to celebrate, occurring March 31st, 1848, was the commencement of a movement which has already revolutionized the religious world, and affected the interests of humanity in as marked a degree, in its spiritual, as did the Declaration of Independence in its material and political relations. Every argument urged for the observance of our national anniversary will apply with equal force to the appropriateness of our commemorating, as Spiritualists, the natal day of this new epoch in the religious world. For several years past, this anniversary has been observed by Spiritualists in many places, the present year more than ever before, and the probabilities are that it will be yet more generally celebrated as Spiritualists become more systematic in the dissemination of their teachings. We think the growing custom a good one, for as a people we are not brought into fraternal intercourse as often as our individual and social wants demand.

Before we speak of the changes wrought in the religious world by Modern Spiritualism, let us briefly notice its origin in America. From general consent rather than absolute fact, it dates as above, because on that day the first intelligible communication from the world of spirits, was, through the rappings, given to the world of mortals. We find the particulars recorded in Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World," and also in Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritualism," from the latter of which we quote as follows:

> In the little village of Hydesville, N. Y., stood a small, unpretending dwelling, temporarily occupied by an honest farmer and his family,—a wife and two daughters. He removed to it on the 11th of December, 1847; and, from the first, the manifestations began. "The noises increased nightly; and occasionally they heard footsteps in the rooms. The children felt something heavy lie on their feet when in bed; and Kate felt, as it were, a cold hand passed over her face. Sometimes the bed-clothes were pulled off; chairs and dining tables were moved from their places. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, night after night, lighted a candle, and explored the whole house in vain. Raps were made on the doors as they stood close to them; but, on suddenly opening them, no one was visible." They were far from superstitious, and still hoped for some natural explanation, especially as the annoyance always took place in the night.
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> In March, 1848, they assumed a new character. The children's bed had been moved into the room of their parents; but scarcely had Mrs. Fox lain down when the noises became as violent as before. The children shouted, "Here they are again." Their father shook the sashes to see if they were not moved by the wind, when the lively Kate observed that the sounds were imitated. She then snapped her fingers, and asked it to repeat, which was done. She then simply made motions with her thumb and finger, and the rap followed. The invisible power, whatever it was, could see and hear. Mrs. Fox's attention was arrested. She asked it to count ten, which it did. "How old is my daughter Margaret?" Twelve raps. "And Kate?" Nine. "How many children have I?" Seven. "Ah! you blunder," she thought: "try again." Seven. Then she suddenly thought. "Are they all alive?" No answer. "How many are living?" Six raps. "How many dead?" One rap. She had lost one child. She then asked if it was a man. No answer. Was it a spirit? Raps. She then asked if the neighbors might hear it; and Mrs. Redfield was called in, who only laughed at the idea of a ghost, but was soon made serious by its correcting her about the number of her children, insisting on one more than she counted. She, too, had lost one; and, when she recollected this, she burst into tears.

These manifestations soon extended to other localities. About the same time they appeared in France and other European countries, but in America, and particularly in the United States, humanity seemed to be the best prepared for the wonderful developments which followed. As a consequence, Spiritualism has become a power, affecting all the institutions of the country, and yet we have seen but the beginning. In less than a quarter of a century its teachings have been more widely diffused than was Christianity in a thousand years. In Spiritualism our thoughts have received newer and higher directions in all that relates to life present and future. Up to the present time its work has been of necessity mostly iconoclastic. Upon the false theological teachings of the past this beautiful superstructure could not be builded. The old had to be removed to make way for the newer and better. The work of rebuilding, however, has not been altogether neglected; the foundation for the new temple is now deeply laid and the superstructure to be built thereon will be as broad as the earth, its dome the circumambient heavens, and its worshipers all mankind.

As before intimated, we do not meet to celebrate this event because spirit manifestations were first witnessed and spirit rappings first heard March 31st, 1848, for all along the ages have these things occurred. We celebrate this event because on that day an American girl but nine years old following up, more in sport than earnest, a chance observation, became the instigator of a movement which has had its influence throughout the world. Through Spiritualism and its revelations, an American religion has been given to the world. We are aware that in applying the term ligion to Spiritualism we tread up controverted ground. Some deno nate it a philosophy, others a scien others again, a religion. We belie it to be all. This religion is philo phy and science, and spiritual phi osophy and science is a religion. W do not mean a limited religion, a ligion of belief, but a religion of li whose teachings accord with philos phy and science. We mean religion as was declared by the hu ble Nazarene when he taught, "Wha soever ye would that men should unto you, do ye even so unto them

For our encouragement we shou consider the several phases of me umship. But time and space forb Suffice it to say that by the facts Spiritualism, established through varied forms of mediumistic ma festations, death has been robbed its terror, the grave of its gloom, a spirit world of immortal life, use beauty made known, and a future istence demonstrated.

The world hath felt a quickening brea
From heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth once more,
For *this* we hold our jubilee,
For this with joy we sing—
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

Our cypress wreaths are laid aside
For amaranthine flowers,
For Death's cold wave does not divid
The souls we love from ours.
From pain, and death, and sorrow fre
They join with us to sing—
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

Immortal eyes look from above
Upon our joys to-night,
And souls immortal in their love
In our glad songs unite.
Across the waveless crystal sea
The notes triumphant ring—
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!
With loving hearts we cry;
And, Peace on earth, good will to men,
The Angel hosts reply.
From doubt and fear, through truth
free,
With faith triumphant sing—
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

Editorial Notes.

X IN algebra is chosen to re sent "the unknown quantity," there is an "X" in New York, tributor to the *Banner of Light*, chooses quantities shall remain known, at least unexpressed. problem is "to find the value of The following paragraph is given pressing X.

> I am not able to discover any pers number of persons, in this or any country, as competent to comprehend height, depth, and breadth of the Spiri Philosophy, and express it clearly and cisely, in words to be crystallized in creed, a church, or an organization. am therefore determined to earnestly with all who are so egotistic as to ass that they do, to induce them to aban such a project; but if they persist, to re diate and denounce them as represen no one but themselves, whatever they claim to the contrary. For our spiri convictions are, as Shakspeare says of rimony, too important and too sacre be dealt with by attorneyship; and th gitimate result of all church organiz is death and fossilization.

Let us worship chaos, and co tinue indefinite! Spiritualism bodying phenomena, based as it on facts, *must* in nature include Science. Knowledge is the basis philosophy. Spiritual Philosophy a vague term. The Philosophy Spiritualism absolute inference fr known facts. X may discover no who comprehend Spiritualism; fails to comprehend. X will "d nounce" all who assume to crys lize truth into a definite stateme The opposite of crystallized forms disintegrated, disorganized *mud*. would keep all things muddy. It is "egotistic" to know we have disc ered a class of phenomena, and part the law of their evolution; it not "egotistic" to announce the r sults of logical induction; it is "egotistic" to confess the sentime with which we are inspired in cons quence of our knowledge. "Spir ual convictions" are the result deduction and induction, either fro intuition or observation, else means of both processes, or facultie If candid confession of personal op ion reveals harmony of view, w have professed a creed. We ly adopt this if careful not to it unscientifically as a finality. conditions" evoke purpose, purpose develops effort; to call an organization a "church" in no way changes its character as an economical combination of means to ends.

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Our corresponding editor this week writes upon his favorite subject *anti-religion*. Not content with banishing religion from our world and pronouncing the "devil dead," he declares "there is no need in the universe for a God," and then boldly utters the words, "God is dead." We are sorry to see our good brother thus voluntarily enroll himself an atheist. His views upon "religion" and our own, are before our readers. We cannot see that any new idea is presented in his last communication, and we leave the suggestions of each for the consideration of our intelligent readers.

Brother Jamieson assumes that Spiritualists repudiate the words, "death," "hell," and "devil," and he now proposes to "banish the word religion to the mythical regions of the past." The *ideas* of death, hell and the devil have not been and cannot be repudiated, for in all of them is a germ of truth. It is only the *false* conception of these ideas, that Spiritualism is "banishing to the mythical regions of the past." Death, or change, we behold everywhere; death and life go hand in hand. Hell still exists; it is only the dark, erroneous interpretation of it, as of "devil" or "evil," in other words, *ignorance*, that the dawning light of Spiritualism is banishing from the world. How truly was the idea of hell presented by one now in spirit life, when he said, "Henry C. Wright carries his hell or heaven with him wherever he goes."

We believe there are very few Spiritualists who will favorably respond to the atheistical sentiments enunciated by friend Jamieson. Had he said that God, as believed in and worshiped by ignorant, undeveloped man, was dead, the idea would have been less objectionable. This God idea we shall consider at another time, when our columns are less crowded. We would not by our comments upon the sentiments of our esteemed corresponding editor, imply the least unwillingness to lend a hearing to his expression of doubly distilled radicalism. Let all honestly entertained sentiments be heard; truth has nothing to fear; wherever it leads, we will follow. We do not promise to teach to-morrow what we advocate to-day. The wise man changes often, the fool never.

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In a brief postscript to a private letter from Lyons, Mich., we learn that on Monday morning, 25th ult., Mrs. Anna Mortimer of that village passed from earth to spirit life. According to the apostle James, "pure religion and undefiled is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep unspotted from the world." If any person we ever met in life could be truly measured by this standard, it was this noble woman. For more than twenty years we have been honored with her friendship, and have prized it as of inestimable value. No one could come into her presence without feeling a hallowed influence, such as we may well believe is akin to the angelic beings of the higher life. Truly it can be said of her, "the casket breaks, and lo! the child of angelhood." Mrs. Mortimer (formerly Anna Mott) was educated a Quakeress and retained through life the beautiful simplicity of that sect. For the last several years she has accepted the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy, and recognized the facts of Modern Spiritualism. Her hand was ever open to aid the needy; "the sick, the prisoner, poor and blind, and all the sons of grief," found in her a friend. If not able from her own limited resources to afford relief, she would appeal to others for aid until success crowned her efforts. Greatly beloved by all who knew her, she will be deeply mourned by an entire community. To Mr. Mortimer and his daughter, Sarah, the only remaining members of a large family, we extend our sincere sympathies.

"He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again."

We consider ourselves fortunate in having secured Miss Anna E. Herbert as a regular contributor to our columns. Her popular productions have appeared in the *New York Tribune*, *New England Congregationalist*, *Golden Age*, and other prominent journals. We published some of her poems selected from other publications. Among the number our readers will recall the beautiful poetic gem entitled "We Shall Know." Hereafter Miss Herbert will have the supervision of the poetical department of the PRESENT AGE, and one of her own productions will apper in each number. We call special attention to the Anniversary Ode written expressly for the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Rochester spirit-rappings, and read before the Spiritualists assembled at Waukegan to celebrate that event.

With such contributors as Miss Herbert, Mrs. Watson, Miss Pease, Mrs. Lyman C. Howe, Dr. Willis, Miss Flora M. Thatcher and many others, our patrons will be amply compensated for the price of the paper, exclusive of other departments.

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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is a Spiritualist. In the last number of the *Christian Union*, in a paper on "Owen's Debatable Land, Between This World and the Next," she declares her belief that Owen, Hare and others "have demonstrated the fact of the existence and manifestation of spiritual force." We hope, however she will not, like Henry Ward, her brother, publish another paper to so explain as to nullify all the good effect of the first inspirational utterance. There can be no doubt in the mind of any careful observer, that hundreds and thousands of the *literati* connected with and under the influence of the church, are making as much of an acknowledgment of the facts of Modern Spiritualism as their deference to public opinion will permit.

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THIS number of our paper we regard as particularly attractive in every department. Old and young, the philosophical and scientific investigator, the phenomenal inquirer, the friends of temperance and woman suffrage, will all find this week's issue to possess more that usual interest.

Personal.

MRS. E. L. WATSON.—We are glad to learn that this inspired speaker and writer is again able to resume her work. From our first interview with Mrs. Watson, at the Fifth National Convention in Rochester, N. Y., we have felt assured that she was destined to be one of the world's benefactors. That opinion was subsequently confirmed when we met and formed a more intimate acquaintance in her own beautiful home. If the croakers who declare that the noble women who have publicly identified themselves as workers in the several fields of reform, are thereby disqualified as home companions and for domestic duties, would visit the home of Mrs. Watson, they would, if honest, acknowledge their mistake, or at least that there was one exception. For a time she ably conducted our HOME CIRCLE DEPARTMENT until ill health caused her to relinquish it. Our readers, however have been favored with frequent poetic contributions from her pen. It has been said "that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but Mrs. Watson seems to be an exception to this rule, for we find in the last *Banner of Light* a letter from Titusville, Pa., her home, which we take pleasure in republishing.

> We have a society here numerous and strong, composed, in the main, of the best elements of our people, both as regards position and wealth, and this society is steadily increasing. We have heretofore been favored with such speakers as Rev. J. C. Hull and others hardly inferior in point of talent and eloquence, but our chief reliance—the life and soul of our whole organization—is our gifted sister, Mrs. E. L. Watson. This lady is one of the best lecturers I have ever listened to, and I have had many opportunities of judging. Deservingly popular, possessing a mind of originality and rare culture, eloquent and convincing in argument, she never fails to draw crowded houses, and to enchain her large audience, spell-bound, to the close; indeed, our great difficulty has been to obtain a place of sufficient capacity to contain the numbers who are sure to assemble when she is announced to lecture. To be fully appreciated, Sister Watson should be heard. Her lectures originate reflection, they abound in a variety of metaphors, suggested by beautiful flowers, among which she appears to reign like the lily—sole queen.
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> In addition to the almost regular weekly lectures delivered by Sister Watson, it is gratifying to know that she devotes a considerable portion of her time and much of her ample means in deeds of charity—that true, unostentatious charity that springs naturally from a loving and pure heart, and falleth "like the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath."

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MRS. A. E. MOSSOP, as we learn in a letter from Waverly, N. Y., has been laboring successfully in that place. The large audiences necessitated the securing of a larger hall than the one usually occupied. In the *Waverly Advocate* we find the following favorable notice:

> Mrs. A. E. Mossop, of Dayton, Ohio, has now delivered five lectures in this place, and to large and constantly increasing audiences—the last numbering at least 600 persons. The lectures have, thus far, been of the highest excellence, arousing a deep interest, and commanding universal admiration. The subjects have been of a character to awaken the purest moral sense, turn public thought from earthly to more spiritual things, and arouse a deeper love for, and more practical sympathy with the poor, benighted, and fallen portions of humanity. There is much speculation, of course, as to the origin of the pure and beautiful thoughts presented, but all agree that they are of high and moral tone, and given in a most eloquent and impressive manner. She speaks again on Sunday next, morning and evening.

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LYMAN C. HOWE will speak next Sunday at the West Side Opera House, morning and evening. These will be the first lectures of Mr. Howe under his new engagement to speak for the first society during the months of April, May and June. We expect to see the hall filled by those who will joyfully extend the hand of welcome to their favorite speaker.

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MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak during the month of April in Cleveland, Ohio. Her lectures in Chicago during the months of February and March have been most successful. We are glad to learn that Miss Johnson is intending to locate permanently in Chicago.

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MRS. L. E. DRAKE is prepared to answer calls to lecture upon all the progressive questions of the day, and particularly that in reference to the aim of the church power to undermine our civil and religious liberty, as manifest in the effort to secure the recognition of the sectarian Christian "God in the Constitution." Her permanent address is Plainwell, Mich., Box 80.

Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMIESON.

"THAT EDITORIAL."

There are but few persons who are more courteous in discussion than Col. Fox. Such a manner imparts a charm to debate, and makes it pleasing to converse upon the topics of the times.

The question upon which Col. Fox and myself differ is conceded to be an important one. Our difference may prove to be in the use of terms more than in fact. I purposely abstained from defining the word "religion." I knew more thought would be evoked by thrusting the idea *that "religion" is an enemy to the race*, upon its own merits before the world. I have not undertaken this duty, of *smiting religion*, without first looking at the dictionaries, encyclopedias, and the opinions of great men. We Spiritualists have ignored the common meaning of several words in our English language. We repudiate the word "death," and that which it represents; the word "hell," in theory and in fact; the word "devil," and its substance; also the word "create." The word "religion," I propose to banish to the mythical regions with the rest. I am not, however, unconscious of the fact that our esteemed friend has expressed the current opinion of even Spiritualists upon the subject of religion. I respectfully differ from the current opinion and will show good reasons for my anti-religious views. In reply to my article, Brother Fox assumes that I deny the *spiritual nature* of man. I said Spiritualism is a *science*, not a religion. The term "science," which I use, embraces the moral and spiritual nature, as well as the intellectual and physical. So, it will be perceived that I do not propose, "to yield our claim to the proper use and development of the noblest faculty of the human soul, as expressed through that portion of the brain possessed by man, and which distinguishes him from the mere animal below him."

The question comes up, what is the "noblest faculty?" Catholics, Protestants and Pagans answer me, "Religion"—or the religious nature of man. I deny it. What is called religion, or the religious nature, is but a perversion of the moral, spiritual, intellectual, and, often, the physical nature.

I have said that Spiritualism is antagonistic to religious culture, and that the whole history of "religious culture," shows it to be the cultivation of the noxious plant superstition. Am I right, or wrong in these declarations? Will any Spiritualist point to a religion that he does not deem a superstition? Take the best one of a thousand. We will suppose it is as Christians claim, Christianity. Millions—more than a quarter of the inhabitants of our globe—consider it the best religion on earth. And now I say that Spiritualism is *antagonistic* to the best religion, and, as a matter of course, to the worst. To thus oppose Christianity is in the estimation of Christians, and even thousands of Spiritualists, equivalent to denouncing the "noblest faculty" of man's nature. Yea, Christians will tell you that to ignore Christianity amounts to a repudiation of all which is pure, holy, divine; all which is moral, spiritual, ennobling; in a word, that to ignore Christianity is to extinguish civilization! And yet my genial brother Fox has done all this! Read his own words:

> "There can be no possible sympathy between Spiritualism and Christianity."—(*Col. Fox in reply to A. H. Hathaway*, PRESENT AGE, *March 9, 1872.*)

In the same connection Bro. Fox said, (and I wish to have it put in *italics*!)

> *They* (Christianity and Spiritualism) *are antipodes, absolutely antagonistic, and will no more unite than oil and water. They cannot occupy a common ground.*"

That is well expressed. When I affirm that "religion is injurious to the human race" I mean every word of the sentence. History sustains me in making the affirmation. All religions, without exception, are based upon mystery. When the mystery is explained there is nothing left of religion. The God of any religion is a myth: There can be no religion without a God, or Gods, to worship. Spiritualists have no God to worship, and would refuse to *obey* him if they had. The appeal which Brother Fox makes to Webster's dictionary, even as far as he quoted, is against his position on religion, and in favor of mine. Webster says religion is the "recognition of *God* as an *object of worship*." Webster believed in a *personal* God, the Bible God. Spiritualists do not. Spiritualists have no God to worship, love, fear or obey. If some of them believe in an *impersonal* God it is only another way of saying they believe in no God. A personal God must be organized. An organized God could not be infinite. An unorganized God could not be intelligent. Take your choice!

As in nature there is no possible chance for an orthodox devil to exist, and no need for him, so it is equally true that there is no need for a God. One step more reveals the fact that *religion* can be dispensed with as easily as God and devil. The race can be happier without religion than with it. No greater curse ever befel it than religion. The invention of alcohol was a great calamity, but the invention of religion was a worse one. Religion is but another name for superstition. This is either a *fact*, or it is not. Brother Fox already concedes that Christianity is a superstition. Is there any other religion, (Spiritualism being a science,) that is not? If, then, we have one thousand religions that are admitted to be based upon an unknown personal God, or gods; founded upon myths, such as "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," "miracles," "creation," "special providence," "judgment day," "devil," "hell" and "damnation," am I not correct in saying that "religion belongs to the misty realm of faith, to the vague, the unknown?" Where is there a religion that does not require the prostration of reason to faith? Where is there one that is not vague? Where is there one that does not pride itself on its unknown God, unknown destiny for the soul, unknown heaven, and guessed-at hell?

If thus a thousand religions are in this fix, there is not much room for a system to be called a religion which is *admitted* to be *antagonistic* to all these religions, including Christianity. The Colonel has gone even farther, and says "there can be no possible sympathy between Spiritualism and Christianity." Yes, he says they cannot occupy a "common ground." I trust no one will take advantage of Brother Fox's emphatic declaration by striving to make it appear that he is opposed to the *moral* and *spiritual* parts of the Christian religion, which Christians claim are *essential* parts of their religious system. So I hope no one will imagine that I have denied anthropological science because I thrust religion away as an unclean thing. Fervently do I believe in *men* and *women* against *religion*.

I was considerably amused at the shrewdness displayed by Brother Fox in quoting the words of great men against me, Webster, Geo. Washington, Buckminster, A. J. Davis. Were it not for the fact that questions settled in that way, (by the weight of eminent names,) do not stay settled, I might be so embarrassed, by having such great men all thrown upon me in a heap, that I could not stammer a reply! The statements of great men must be tried by the inexorable laws of logic, as mine must be. There is no aristocracy in the realm of thought.

Davis says he believes in "pure and undefiled religion." James, ages ago, defined religion, "pure and undefiled," as visiting widows and orphans, and keeping unspotted from the world. A good life, deeds of kindness to fellow beings, was his idea of religion. All that Bros. Fox and Davis claim for religion, Christians insist belongs to Christianity. Davis says "religion teaches man to discriminate between right and wrong" (?) "Religion is the principle of righteousness" (?)

Henry Ward Beecher defines *Christianity* much the same as Davis does *religion*. Says Beecher in a sermon lately preached:

> "Whatever relates to the interior purity of man, whatever belongs to universal morality, whatever is necessary to man everywhere in all ages and under every condition, that was determined and fixed by *Christianity*" (?)

But Col. Fox opposes Christianity!

Davis says *religion* is "universal justice" (?)

Beecher says "Christianity is universal morality" (?)

Beecher says that Christianity

> "Aimed at the *Spiritual* development of man, by *bringing him* into direct relations with God. Its aim was a noble manhood."

But *my* genial brother Fox is opposed to it!

A charitable construction of their words would lead us to infer that these men, Davis and Beecher meant the *moral*, *spiritual* and *intellectual* nature of man. And I do not know but I ought to add they meant, by their description, as sound and healthy bodies as possible. One calls the harmonious action of the various faculties, "Christianity." The other calls that harmonious action "Religion." Probably no words are used so loosely as "Christianity" and "Religion." I will give one more illustration from Davis of this fact. He says religion teaches man "to love the lofty mount, the flowered valley, the waving forest."

How religious a landscape painter must be! but a blind man would have no religion! Davis also adds that religion teaches man to love the "fragrant meadow." But if a man lost his sense of smell, how then?

It is not my design in this reply to give my definition of religion. I have shown that too much is claimed for both Christianity and religion. Whatever has been defined as pure religion has been called true Christianity. As Col. Fox can array Spiritualism against Christianity without ignoring any part of man's moral or spiritual nature, so I show that I can oppose religion without ignoring a single good element in human nature, or anywhere else. Science is what mankind needs, not religion.

William Denton said, "The devil is dead." I have later and better news, *God is dead!* Religion is the shadow of both.

W. F. J.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THE PRESENT AGE.

This excellent journal, published in the city of Chicago, has bravely stood the test of fire, gradually resuming its original dimensions, notwithstanding the entire loss of office, material, presses and all.

The AGE is devoted to the advancement of spiritual philosophy, literature, science, general intelligence and social reform as enunciated by some of the deepest thinkers and best reasoners among the cultivated minds of the present day.

The editorial staff is composed of Col. D. M. Fox, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, E. S. Wheeler and W. F. Jamieson. Mr. Wheeler, one of the editors, is now in our city, and is recognized here, as elsewhere, as a gentleman of the highest stamp. He has shown himself, both in social circle and in the lecture-room, a gentleman of high intellectual caste; and in the business community has won confidence and esteem. He is a fitting representative of a journal advocating none but the purest and most unexceptionable morality. THE PRESENT AGE is not a personce, philosophy and spiritualized thought, and an earnest and able advocate of true religion, and political and social reform.

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A Weekly Journal,

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms, Poetic Literature and General Intelligence.

An Independent Critic on all Popular Movements.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - - EDITOR,
364 WARREN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Associate Editors:
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, *at N. Y. Office, 213 West 23d Street*
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Woman's Department,
MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The Home Circle,
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are pleased to welcome once more in its full size, our cotemporary, the PRESENT AGE, which since the Chicago fire has been issued as an extra, gradually increasing its borders until No. 1 of Vol. VI. lies on our table looking as if it meant work in a field where there is so much requirement for activity. It is published at 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago—New York office, 213 West 23d street. Col. D. M. Fox, with Dr. F. L. H. Willis and E. S. Wheeler as Associates, and W. F. Jamieson Corresponding Editor, will with determination continue the struggle which all liberal newspapers must keep up with an opposing world. In his salutatory address the editor says he shall endeavor to make the AGE "A faithful reporter of the facts of Spiritualism and an exponent of its science and progress, as well as the honest teacher of the spiritual philosophy of nature, and the morality of practical sense and humanity." * * * "Not denying the use of any publication, nor the excellence of some, there is yet left a portion of the field of action unoccupied, where a good work may be done, if the liberal Spiritualists of the time can be induced to second our efforts. * * * Conceding liberty to others, we shall preserve and exercise it ourselves, and at once frankly repudiate help that must be bought by compromise of truth, or retained at the cost of freedom of speech. * * * Aspiring to preserve the good and develop the better, we ask the help in every way of all true hearts and clear heads, in our effort to establish the supremacy of the best."—*Banner of Light.*

THE Chicago *Present Age* has reappeared from the ashes of Chicago, and appeals to the Spiritualists of the country whom it so ably and faithfully represents, for sympathy and aid. Col. Fox, its editor, seems all undaunted by the reverses he has experienced, and expresses his intention to battle on whatever may betide. If his paper had nothing else but this unwavering zeal to recommend it, it should receive every encouragement, but it has more, being in every respect worthy of the confidence and regard of the public. We wish the *Age* from the present time all success.—*Port Huron Commercial.*

AMONG the sufferers by the Chicago fire was the PRESENT AGE. Col. D. M. Fox, its editor, writes us that the publication of the paper is to be resumed, and before long, it is hoped, with the same size as before. We regard the PRESENT AGE as, on the whole, the most liberal of all the spiritualist papers, because it does not confine itself to Spiritualism, but devotes a considerable portion of its energies to reform and free thought in general. It would seem no more than just that its friends should rally to its support. Terms $3.00 a year. Address the editor, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago.—*Index.*

"THE PRESENT AGE."—This is the title of a weekly journal published in Chicago, devoted to religious, political and social reforms, and edited by Col. D. M. Fox. It is one of the best, and in some respects the very best, of all the exponents of Spiritualism published in America. The subscription price is three dollars per annum, or ten dollars for four copies. Address, Col. D. M. Fox, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago. Our friends will find specimens of this paper at the store of D. Camomile, Post Office Building.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, . EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the Government cannot be denied, and the Government will be made purer and better for her participation.—*Senator Trumbull, of Ill.*

For the Present Age.

LOYALTY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HOWE.

A woman knelt in the vestibule of a half ruined fane,
Gazing sad and sorrowful on the record of its fame;
She read that sacredness and trust, fidelity and love,
Were portions of this structure fair—a dower from spheres above.
That patient hope and purity were dome and spire and bell,
That tenderness and charity muffled every knell;
Forbearance and forgiveness were pillars of mighty strength,
The granite walls of confidence were equal breadth and length;
That self-denial, like a sun, lit chancel, nave, and aisle,
With a rich resplendent light as tender as "God's smile."

"Ah me!" she sighed, "this fallen fane has marvelous design,
And at creation's dawn had birth, t'exist throughout all time!
Alas!" she cried, "that symmetry should be so rudely marred,
That heaven's best, divinest gifts should be so deeply scarred."

For the God of this holy temple, the woman looked in vain;
Ambition, pride, and passion the deity had slain,
For the name of this holy temple she looked with eager eyes,
Lo! on the altar-front she read, MARRIAGE—with sad surprise.
She wept o'er the sacred ruins—in her loving heart a hope,
That her soft and gentle hand might with the destroyer cope.
And in her tender woman soul she sought the better way,
To restore the desecrated fane, in the light of purer day.
In dreams she saw the prostrate walls, upright in pristine pride,
The reinstated deities presiding side by side,
In fancy heard the grand old bell peal out its sweetest tone,
Saw towers arise and Love and Hope enthroned within the dome.

A sudden sense, as if a gulf lay 'tween her life and her,
Destroyed the vision, yet her soul knelt there a worshiper;
And bowing still before life's shrine aspiring for the true,
Conserving all of former truth, and weighing well the new,
Hoping for nobler womanhood which comes as aye it must,
Through patient toil of purer lives, from loyalty and trust;
Seeking to fire humanity with higher, holier aims,
Strengthening weak souls to duty, urging love's holy claims,
Proclaiming restraint's best uses for "human monsters" vile,
With precept and example lifting them up the while.

Rise, kneeling souls, intrepidly, your hour for labor comes.
The fallen fane restore again and sanctify your homes.
Not with destructive hand we'd work in Freedom's holy cause,
With noble effort right the wrong, evolving wiser laws!

FREDONIA, N. Y., March, 15th, 1872.

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THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION IN IOWA.

The daily papers announce that in the Iowa legislature "Senator Shaw, from a majority of the committee, made a report in favor of striking out the word *male* in the constitution of the state. Senator Kinne, from a minority of the committee, made a report against the proposed amendment." So far so well. We are further informed that a motion being made that the senate go into committee of the whole that afternoon (March 22d) to hear addresses from Mrs. Savery and Mrs. Harbert, in support of the proposed amendment, after a lively discussion, the motion was lost,—ayes twenty, nays twenty-four. The closeness of this vote argues favorably, as significant of the ultimate success of the amendment in question. But the fact that its decision was to refuse a hearing to the ladies who purposed to argue into non-existence the odious, disgraceful and unrepublican restriction embodied in the state constitution under that word "male," proves that the majority of the Iowa senate, like some other august bodies and individuals, are secretly conscious of a serious flaw in their own side of the question, which they are reluctant to subject to the scrutiny of investigation. When an institution, a law, a dogma, or an opinion, evinces a disinclination to stand out in the full sunlight of reason's analysis, be sure that it is conscious of some defect upon which it is fearful that light may fall, and so reveal to the world what it has been its main study to keep concealed.

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For the PRESENT AGE.

WOMANHOOD VS. FASHION.

BY EMMA CHURCH.

Have chignons gone into disrepute, and paniers and flounces, ribbons and laces, become obsolete? Has that vanity of woman, whose manifestation has fascinated the sterner sex, and satisfied herself more than the higher charms that are imperishable, disappeared forever? Strange things are happening in these later days—signs given that point to changing times. In times gone by a cross was seen suspended in the heavens, and to-day, with prophetic eye, may be seen forming a crown of reward for the noble few who so long have unweariedly toiled to teach woman that the adorning of her body is of less importance than the beautifying of her soul, and that her aimless existence as the pet, toy, and *ornament* of society, must give place to a true womanhood.

The first streak of dawn is appearing which heralds a brighter day. I have before me an account of a brilliant gathering to celebrate the sixty-first birthday of Horace Greeley, of which authors, ministers and professors form a conspicuous part, and in the mentioning, standing side by side with them, are some who wear the true crown of womanhood upon their brows; not there as lay figures, with full description of wearing apparel. Although probably not without an appropriate outward expression of refinement and love of beauty which has a place in every true womanly heart, yet they themselves rose superior to outward adornings and were more than the raiment they wore.

Thank God for the reporter who, in this instance, appreciated woman for herself instead of measuring her by the dress she wore, as has been the old time custom making her finery paramount to her womanhood. As a single straw will tell the course of the wind, so this apparently trivial circumstance gives bright promise of a glorious fulfillment of a better day, when woman shall be educated to feel that life has responsibilities too grave for the frittering away of its best days in vanity and ostentation. She shall learn that it is her privilege to stand equal with man in the world of thought, elevating herself to be a co-worker with him; and when she rises to that better place, then will the superficialities of existence fall back into the obscurity of comparative insignificance, and true womanhood stand forth in acknowledged nobility.

STURGIS, MICH.

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MODERN INCOMPATIBILITY.

The other day the *Tribune* had an article on "Incompatibilities" which deserves notice. It mentions a few instances of criminal and fatal violence of husbands toward wives, and of wives toward husbands, which the parties excuse on the score of "incompatibility." But the writer rushes at railroad speed to the conclusion that this disease is entirely modern, a new development in the social body and symptomatic of moral degeneracy. The thing was not heard of in old times. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had no better natures than we have; and business was as exasperating, and the kitchen and nursery were as trying, in their day as in ours. But they lived together in perfect bliss, and the demon of "incompatibility" was never heard of in their time. This, the writer concludes, was because the marriage bond was regarded as inexorable. New times have brought new notions which have found their chief lodgment in the brains of women. The men of to-day are as good as their grandfathers, and would hold to their marriage bond for better or for worse, although in innumerable instances they have outgrown their wives and find a burden where they bargained for a helpmeet. But women, when they fancy a husband is not to their liking, pronounce him intolerable, and would break the sacred bond by a divorce or a dagger. And then we are asked if this is because man's sense of obligation is stronger than woman's, and a score of other questions equally pertinent, or impertinent as the reader may chance to feel about them.

It is a little unfortunate that the writer did not make sure of his facts before he made his deductions. The fact is that the trouble and violence which, in our day result from what is called incompatibility, come for the most part from the husband. If more women than men apply for divorce, it is because more women than men are driven to that extreme measure for self-protection against abuse, injustice, irritation, and insult. It is very easy for the *Tribune* to tell us that these fine-mannered gentlemanly men who have outgrown their wives, and find themselves yoked to dull animals, or children who will be jerky and silly even in white hair, bear their yoke with infinite patience and put up with the prattle of their partners at home with a grace which saints might envy; *perhaps* the *Tribune* knows of such instances. It is wonderfully easy for the ox that has eaten his fill in the clover-field, to put up with short commons in the stall. But every instance it will bring where the man has suffered in silence on his wife's account, we will venture to match with two in which the woman has suffered from a husband she has morally if not intellectually outgrown, and from whose treatment she has to suffer daily martyrdom. The boot that pinches is on the other foot.

But it is all modern—this incompatibility business! Ask the old people, read the old newspapers, burrow into old books, get thoroughly acquainted with the actual life of the old time, and you find the same elements as now, only less developed and acutely felt. But why? Simply because our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were held in a state of social subjection which rendered expression impossible. The woman of a century ago was a drudge. She had no culture. She read no books to speak of. There were no influences appealing to her reason, and taste, and moral aspirations, and social sympathies. Her whole life was one of repression. She was taught from the cradle to the grave that she had no individuality of her own, that she was made to serve and please and enrich another, and put her life into children which he could dispose of at will without her consent. She was a political, legal, intellectual nonentity, and was bound by law and religion to submit to her husband's will. The idea of a woman so circumstanced talking about "incompatibility" is an anachronism. The whole thing is utterly preposterous. But because the thing was not talked about, let no one conclude that it did not exist. Every old family has legends that are sad enough to make the heart sick. Almost every old mansion has a skeleton closet. You cannot walk through an old graveyard without stumbling over the mounds heaped upon broken hearts and hillocks that hide unuttered tragedies.

Yes. Modern incompatibility! We glory in the fact. It is something to have attained a state of society in which the diseases that are most fatal when they feed upon the heart are drawn to the surface, where they can be studied and cured. Woman is partially emancipated, and partially educated, too. Thank Heaven for so much. She refuses to be the silent slave of an ignorant, sensual, depraved man, who drags his defilement into her presence, and pollutes the sanctuary of home with vice and violence. She begins to see that the obligations of the marriage contract are mutual, and when he breaks the chain by vicious courses she is no longer bound by the broken links. She begins to see that when two parties naturally and inevitably grow apart, they must pull upon each other the more they grow; and if one party refuses to hold to the other and fill the breach with kindly offices and sweet affection's laws, which are stronger than the human will, must assert themselves at the last, and leave the marriage-bond but a hollow mockery. And this is what "modern incompatibility" means.

But this modern incompatibility is merely an incident. It grows out of the want of adjustment between circumstances and character. Our people seem to fancy that old customs will do for new times, and insist upon dragging the traditions, and habits, and laws, and restrictions of other days down into an altered state of things. This is not the world that our grandfathers lived in. Their marriage code is no more suited to our intellectual and moral condition than their breeches are to our legs. The modern woman is no longer ignorant, nor a slave. Subjection is no longer her lot, nor submission her duty. Our word is culture, liberty, growth. The first result of this in inherited marriage relations is occasional instances of incompatibility. When a man who marries a fixture finds that his pretty domestic appurtenance thinks, and feels, and reads and criticises his speech and conduct by a higher standard than his own, and refuses to humor all his childish whims, and yield to his unreason, he begins to get a glimpse of the nineteenth century, and, if he is wise, thanks God for giving him an angel when he bargained for a slave; but if he is foolish, as too many such men are, he curses his wife if he does not kick her. Is civilization at fault for this man's folly? Such things must needs be until our customs and institutions are adjusted to the ideas, the circumstances, the culture of the new time. Every instance of incompatibility shows the evils that are to be reformed and the perils that are to be shunned, and points by contrast to an ideal that is to be realized. Liberty begins with disorder, only that it may realize the divinest harmony. Civilization disintegrates the old only to create anew. The incompatibilities which irritate and vex to-day come from the unattuned instrument which will fill to-morrow with sweetest music.—*Golden Age.*

◆

ENAMELING THE FACE AND THE RESULTS.—A lady in Louisville paid $75 for having her face enameled for the ball given at the Galt House to the Grand Duke Alexis. The enamel was warranted to last three days, and so it did. The lady was taken ill upon her return home from the ball, her face became greatly swollen, the most acute pain succeeded, and it was only by the employment of the best medical skill that her life was saved. This statement we have from an undoubted source.

But the case of this lady is not so bad as that of another Louisville lady who became enamored of the odious fashion of enameling the face. She visited another city, far to the eastward, some five months ago, for the sole purpose of having her face enameled according to the latest Parisian mode. She had heard that a noted Parisian was engaged in the enameling business at the city in question, and to him she went upon her arrival. For the sum of $500 he agreed to enamel her face so scientifically that the enamel would remain unchanged for three years, and a year or two longer if extra care was taken in washing the face according to his prescribed method. The devotee of fashion concluded the bargain, and paid $300 of the sum named, the balance to be paid in yearly instalments, divided into three years.

The lady received the enamel and returned to her home in this city. Since her return she has disappeared from society. There was so much poison in the enamel that its effects were almost immediately developed in the almost total paralysis of the facial nerves, and what was once a truly beautiful face is to-day a distorted, disfigured and ulcerous one.

The lady's beauty has disappeared forever, and if her physicians succeed in saving her life they will have accomplished more than they had a right to hope for. Her eyes are terribly inflamed and disfigured, and the sight of them fast failing.—*Louisville Ledger.*

Woman's Memorandum.

FROM Leipsic we hear of a new pianist of the higher order. The new virtuoso is a young Swedish lady of rare beauty and accomplishments. Her name is Erika Lie, and the most eminent musical critics compare her to Clara Schumann.

MRS. THOMAS GURR, of Northville, Wayne Co., Mich., forty years old, with a daughter of fourteen years, and the occasional help of two other members of the family, has husked over 1,500 bushels of corn during the past Fall. Mrs. G., by actual count, has husked forty-one bushels in eight hours, and her daughter twenty-five bushels in the same time.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., has elected Miss Sarah J. Williams to be City Physician. Twelve Doctors of Medicine in pantaloons contended for the honor and emolument of physicing and bleeding the Springfield paupers; and, wise as they were, they were all beaten, the whole dozen of them, out of the field by a woman; the Board of Health considering, we are told, that "the majority of patients coming under a city physician's care are women and children, and their cases such as a woman can best attend."

MISS CUSHMAN has given an evening reading in Chicago for which she was paid $1,500—very generous remuneration for an hour's labor. A correspondent of the *Christian Union* says that "in spite of the mouthings and mannerisms that are not good because they are not natural, it was better than any sermon on domestic bickering to hear her read "Betsey and I are Out." He then proceeds to ask how the church can hope to make a good fight against the theatre when it has failed to find a fitting place for this kind of talent, which is so powerful when used in the cause of truth and purity.

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pleasure in its glowing pages. To the vo
Pease has appended five of her own chara
poems.—*Banner of Light.*

The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make this dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use?" said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play;
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out, all day,
Through the happy, golden head:
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud, with its chalice full,
How, why, and for what all strange things
were,
She was only a child at school!
But she thought, "It is part of God's great
plan,
That even I should do all I can."

So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I will do likewise the best that I
can."

Our best? Ah, children! the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to
look
At our task at the close of the day!
But for strength from above ('tis the Master's plan)
We'll pray, and we'll do the best we can.

LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAPTER IV.

"The children in school say I am a spirit-list" (Spiritualist) "and don't believe in a God," said Dorie, who had just arrived home from school and was untying her bonnet, "and they told me I would go to hell because I don't believe the Bible."

"And what did my Dorie say to that?" asked her mother.

"I said I did not believe in a God that was a murderer. Katie Green said God was not a murderer."

"And what else did you say?" asked Ray, who was listening to Dorie very attentively as he stood looking in her face.

"I said, 'will you tell me that I will go to hell if I don't believe the Bible? But, if you say that God is not a murderer, then *you* don't believe in the Bible, and *you* will go to hell too.'"

"Oh! I'm glad you said that," exclaimed Ray; "mamma, that was a good answer, wasn't it?"

"Very good indeed," said his mother, "that was a wise answer for a little girl only seven years and six months old."

"What then, did you talk any more?" asked Ray.

"Yes, they said that the Bible did not say God was a murderer."

"But it does," said Ray. "Ben says it does, and Ben knows, for he is reading every bit of the Bible."

"Yes," replied Dorie," I told them my brother Ben could beat them for he knew. God once drowned hundreds of people in a red sea, and a great many times he told people to go to large cities and kill every man in it; and so, now, isn't your Bible God a murderer? Then they told me that if the Bible did say God was a murderer I ought to believe in it and in God too."

"Oh! they are simple!" said Ray. "Stop till I am a man and I will tell everybody what the truth is. We don't like a man that kills anybody, and we don't like a God that kills anybody."

Dr. Howe, had been standing in the open door-way, behind Dorie and Ray, and had heard the above talk. Mrs. Howe had seen him, of course, but only smiled as they listened.

"Brave little Dorie," he exclaimed, "my brave little girl!" And he lifted her on his shoulder and marched round the room with her. "So you have entered into religious discussion!" Then he sat down with Dorie on his lap, and said, "I don't believe I would talk about the Bible, or God or anything of the kind with the children in school."

"But, papa," said Dorie, "when they talk to me I must say what I think."

"But you had better talk about dolls, tea-things, balls, and such like."

"But," said Dorie, "when anybody asks me what I believe I shall say what I believe. I am a spirit-list."

"Yes, you are, Dorie," said Ray, "and you don't believe in that Bible."

"You little sinners," said their father, laughing, "what shall I do with you? Listen to me one little minute, you two little folks; I want you always to be brave enough to say what you believe, when you can prove what you believe; but never forget that people have a right to believe just what they like and never talk to anybody just for the sake of talking. Truth is our God; that is the God we believe in; and my Dorie, my Ray, and I, will look for truth and love truth, and believe in truth, wherever we may find it."

"You are right, father," said Ben, who had come in from school and heard only the latter part of what his father was saying, "truth is holy and truth is God; and when we learn a truth then we have something more divine than the Bible."

At that moment the supper bell rang. "To supper, to supper, every one," said Dr. Howe, "and then, if you like, we will all go down to the lake and have a fine time boating."

This was received with many exclamations of delight.

"We'll have a gay time," said the doctor, "for the sky is clear; we will have moonlight to come home, and you can see the planet Jupiter, and if you choose, take a peep at her four moons through Frank's telescope."

"Why! I did not know," said Ben, "that we could see the moons of Jupiter through that telescope."

"I want to see four moons," said Ray.

"You shall see them, General Ray," said his father, as he helped him to some beef and potatoes.

"Yes," said Frank, "you will see them shining through that solid firmament that is cemented to the walls that are built all round this flat world."

"Clear as crystal," said Viecie, "but solid as brass."

"Yes," said Ben, "and on the other side God lives, and when he wants it to rain he can easily open the windows. When God drowned the world, the Bible says 'the windows of heaven were opened,' and when he had drowned everybody but Noah and his family, 'the windows of heaven were stopped.' Just think of a great wise God having such a stupid arrangement for rain!"

"And after the world had been drowned," said Viecie, "the people went to work to make a high tower that should 'reach unto heaven;' and they might by that plan have been able to reach some of the windows and have crept through to the other side, if God had tried to drown the world again."

"But," said Frank, "the Lord discovered what the rascals were after and seems to have been afraid that they might steal into his dominions, and so he suddenly came down and confounded their language; then they could not understand each other."

"Suppose," said Ray with a flushed face and very earnestly, "suppose that God had not found it out till one day he went to open the windows, and then he had caught the rascals coming through the window; would'nt there have been a time? I suppose he would have pitched them out of the windows. But where does the rain come from? I want to know."

"If a bucket of water is thrown on the ground it soon dries up, especially on a hot summer day," said his father. "Can you tell me where the water has gone, Ray?"

Ray moved his head too and fro, blushed just a little and said, "Dorie doesn't know either."

"Yes I do," said Dorie.

"I don't believe you," said Ray; "you don't know where the water has gone," and he blushed up to his eyes.

"Yes, but I do," said Dorie. "The water has gone into the air."

"You are right, Dorie," said Dr. Howe. "It has gone into the air in the form of vapor. Sometimes you can see the vapor rising. It looks like steam."

"I've seen it, I've seen it," exclaimed Ray. "I've seen it on our porch after it had rained and it looked like smoke."

"That is it," said Dr. Howe, "You saw the the water going into the air in the form of vapor. Now just think that the air, all over the world, is constantly taking up vapor from lakes, rivers, seas and oceans; and when it rains, down comes this vapor and forms the clouds in showers of water."

"But what makes the drops?" said Ray. "I guess you cannot tell that, papa."

"Oh yes! I can," said Dr. Howe. "The vapor of the clouds is changed into drops of water by coming in contact with cold air. If this room was full of vapor and you were to open the door and let in a current of cold air the vapor would be condensed into water."

"I would like to know," said Frank, "how much water a given quantity of air can hold in the form of vapor."

"In a room ten feet square," said his father, "the air would hold half-a-pint of water in the form of vapor; but this varies with the temperature of the air."

"Air then," said Ben, "is sometimes so full of vapor it can hold no more."

"Yes, and when the air is cooled, as it is generally in the night, the vapor is condensed and down comes the rain. This is the reason that more rain falls in the night than in the day."

Ray and Dorie had been listening very attentively to all this. Ray had not looked at his plate or supper once, but kept his eyes and ears open.

"I know," he said, "I can tell you all about it, Dorie. The wind and the air we breathe and the air over the world drink up vapor; if you throw a bucket of water out, up it goes to the clouds; you see I know all about it; and when the air can take no more, when it is full of vapor, then it is made cold, all at once, down, down comes the rain! Now don't I know, Dorie?"

"Yes," said Ben, "you are right, Ray, and so all the rain that comes down was taken up from the earth. The water goes up to the clouds and comes down again."

"That is so," said Dorie, "it goes up to the clouds, then down to rivers and lakes, and then up again, and so it is traveling all the time."

"But," said Ben, "the folks that wrote the Bible didn't know that, and so they had to put some wondrous and mighty cisterns up there and make God and the angels attend to them."

"That is so," said Ray, who had a quick eye for the ridiculous, "that is so, and I know more than any of the people who wrote the Bible."

"You know more about rain, at any rate," said his father. "But here comes the large wagon and now you must jump in and we'll all take a ride. Yes, baby Chrisie too," he said, as he took her in his arms and left the dining-room.

The lake was only about two miles distant, was beautifully situated, surrounded on all sides but one, with dense woods. The doctor owned a boat and had built a boat-house on the shore, and often in the summer evenings the whole family went sailing on the lake. Each had a flannel bathing suit and so of course they had glorious times bathing together. Pond lilies grew in abundance in some parts of the lake, but were generally more plentiful in the morning than in the evening. Viecie and Frank often went in the early morning, and always came home with a good supply of lilies.

When Dr. Howe, Mrs. Howe, and all the younger Howes—Chrisie, Ray, Dorie, Ben, Viecie and Frank, had left the wagon and were comfortably seated in the boat, the doctor said, "Now, where shall we go?"

"Let us go to the ruins of the old mill," said Viecie, "it is so private there, and the water is so clear, we can see the pebbles on the bottom."

"Yes, let us go there," said several voices, and so the boat was pushed off, and away it went dancing over the water as if glad of the boating and fun, for fun it was. How they did laugh, and talk, and sing, and shout, and how the wind did blow Dorie's hair, and Viecie's too, till they shut out its playful fingers, for the very wind was full of jokes, fun and frolic; and so was the sunshine as it played hide and seek on the oars, now covering them with silver and then dashing it on the rolling, rippling, laughing waters. Yes, and the very water was in for a good time; and so a good time indeed had our friends, for, as Henry Wright once said, "They had good times because they carried good times with them."

"Pond lilies! pond lilies!" shouted Dorie and Ray, "oh! let us have some. Stop the boat!" but this was not so easy, for the boat rocked to and fro, and the lilies nodded their heads and escaped their outstretched hands so often, that they declared they believed that the lilies too were resolved on fun and frolic; but a few were caught and loved and admired by all in the boat.

Sail away, sail away! Over the waters goes the boat, merrily. Yonder is the spot to which they are making.

"It looks like a bay," said Ben.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Mrs. Howe. "The lake stretches into the woods that gather on all sides save this. A delightful place for us to bathe!"

And in a short time the boat was pushed on shore and all were landed. In tothe woods they went gathering flowers, mosses and vines; then into the water they went, for they had brought their bathing suits, and such a glorious time they did have! Ray and Dorie could swim like fishes; but their father pushed out toward the lake; diving, and coming up in unexpected places, and astonishing the little folks. Mrs. Howe, too, could swim and dive, and so they had a gay time together.

After a while the moon rose, round, full and glorious, and then the planet Jupiter shone out bright and clear; and when they were dressed and seated on the shore, Frank's telescope was brought and pointed to the beautiful planet.

"Now we will see four moons," said Ray to Dorie. "Jupiter is a planet, this world is a planet, and there are a great many planets, and we all move round the sun. We have only one moon, but Jupiter has four."

"I know," said Dorie, "You talk to me as if I did not know as well as you."

"And you don't, either," replied Ray.

"But I know something you don't."

"You don't; I am as big as you, and will be a man before you."

"But I will be a lady before you are a man, won't I, mother?"

"Yes, you will, darling."

"Well, I don't care," said Ray, putting his hands in his pockets and walking away.

"I see the moons now," said Frank.

Then one after another looked through the telescope and took a peep at Jupiter's four moons. Dorie said she saw them; but Ray, though he was lifted up to the telescope by his father, while Frank held it, and all done that could be done for him to see the moons, yet he did not see them once. Again and again he tried, but it was no use; and there stood Dorie who had seen them; and he had not! that was more than he could endure.

"I don't believe there are any four moons," he said at last; "if there were I would see them just as well as Dorie; I don't believe it one bit; it is all stuff, I know it is." Poor little Ray! his pride was hurt terribly.

"I want to tell you something," said Frank. "A man named Galileo, that owned a telescope, was the first one that saw the four moons of Jupiter; and when he told the Bible folks about them, they said they would not believe it; and you are like the Bible folks to-night."

"But," said Ray, "if he saw them through the telescope somebody else could."

"Yes, they looked through the telescope of Galileo, and saw the four moons and then they said that it was the devil that made it seem so."

"And," said Viecie, "a great many would not look through the telescope, because they knew that if they did see the four moons of Jupiter, they would be compelled to believe."

"Yes," said Frank, "and many, very many, thought it very wicked to look, because the Bible astronomy was not that kind of astronomy."

"Was Galileo the man that was made prisoner because he taught that the earth moved?" asked Ben.

"Yes," said Viecie, "when Galileo was an old man of seventy, and a prisoner, he was made to go down on his knees before the ministers of the church, put his hands on the Bible, and say that he detested the idea of the movement of the earth; and when he died, his books were condemned; and his friends were not allowed to put a tombstone over his grave."

"I want to look once more through the telescope," said Ray.

He looked again, and at last exclaimed, "I see! I see one, two, three, four moons round Jupiter, and now I know Galileo saw them too."

◆

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

The young who are not yet addicted to tobacco in any of its forms, and all who use it in fact, should study well this category of deleterious results. They have been gathered in the actual experience of a noted physician, and published in the *Medical Recorder*. The derangements produced by the habitual use of the weed are as follows:

1. Headache over the eyes.
2. Nervous headache without sickness.
3. Nervous headache with sickness of the stomach.
4 Deafness.
5. Partial blindness or amaurosis.
6. Running at the eyes.
7. Cancer at the lips.
8. Consumption, preceded by years of cough.
9. Asthma.
10. Dyspepsia.
11. Palpitation of the heart.
12. Paralysis of the upper part of body.
13. Neuralgia.
14. Swelling of gums and rotting of teeth.
15. Enfeeblement of the lymphatics.
16. Enlargement of glands of the face and neck.
17. Lethargy.
18. Morbid appetite for spirituous liquors.
19. Morbid appetite for highly seasoned food.
20. Indistinct smell.
21. Imperfect sense of touch.
22. Obtuseness of moral sense.
23. Uncleanliness of person.
24. Stentorian or snoring sleep.
25 A sense of debility on waking until a chew or smoke is taken.
26. Indistinct taste.
27. Confirmed disease and a premature death.

The young man must very indiscreet who will undertake to run the gauntlet of these diseases, in order that he may indulge a depraved appetite.—*The Nation.*

Pleasantries.

At a marriage lately in Maine the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright little three-year-old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling poor aunty to say something disagreeable, stamped her little foot and exclaimed in a tone of authority, "Aunty, don't oo thay it."

A number of passengers on a Southern railroad who, in deference to the feelings of the single lady present refrained from indulging their smoking propensities, felt that their courtesy was unappreciated when the gentle dame drew a well worn meerschaum from her pocket and with nimble fingers proceeded to fill it with the strongest of Virginia leaf.

Young Slowcome, always a good youth, though not bright, was boarding with old Miss Flissicker, who liked him. Slowcome "experienced religion"—though nobody ever knew him to do anything wrong, or could tell what there was in his good natured, honest heart to need "a change." However Slowcome was genuinely happy, and so was his landlady, who, at the very next meal after she had received the news, requested him to "ask a blessing." Slowcome was greatly scared, it being the first time. He blushed and hesitated, but stood manfully to his guns, and with a supreme effort made out to say: "O Lord, have mercy on these vittles!"

Temperance.

For the Present Age.

AS MUCH IN FAVOR OF TEMPERANCE AS ANYBODY.

BY ANNA HERBERT.

Who has not seen the man who is "as much in favor of temperance as anybody?" Behold he standeth at street corners, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. It is true his linen may not be immaculate, his broadcloth not of the finest, and his language not the purest, but he has an abiding faith in himself, and a profound reverence for the "inalienable rights of man," that fully supply all deficiencies.

Though as much in favor of temperance as anybody, he utterly opposes temperance legislation, whereon he discourses as follows: "Oh! yes, sir; this temperance movement is a fine thing—*very* fine thing, sir, in fact I'm a temperance man myself, sir; I've always been as much in favor of temperance as anybody—but you see if you stop licenses you cut off our privileges. It ain't cons'tutional. Privileges of a 'Merican citizen, sir, should be respected."

Present the other side of the picture to this admirable conservator of public morals. Hint that the despairing wife and neglected children of the drunkard have rights that good men are bound to respect. He wraps the mantle of selfishness more closely about him, and in this triple armor, is proof against all appeals for sweet charity's sake. The great, burly, well-fed man! what should *he* know of the pinchings of hunger, or care for the thin forms that shiver through the blasts of winter? He even wonders that *any one* should condescend to such trifles when the "inalienable rights of man" are in danger. He is in favor of temperance—with reservations; his idea of the word being just as many drinks as a man can carry in an upright position. He is always bland and apologetic, beaming upon you like a summer morning from the height of his superior wisdom. At length, dismissing your arguments with a majestic wave of the hand, he retires to recuperate his system with a draught of "*cons'tutional bitters*, and reappears slightly *warmed up* with the subject, but "as much in favor of temperance as anybody."

The man who is as much in favor of temperance as anybody is ubiquitous. Let no community cherish the fond delusion that it can produce the simon pure original—the great unwashed and unterrified chief of whisky apologists. Turn the corner of a neighboring street and you will find the unmistakable biped; bigger, burlier, more smilingly apologetic, and more in favor of temperance than ever.

We wish no harm to our friend of universal nativity. May his days outnumber his drams, and his shadow never grow less! But if a reform work is to be carried on, if men and women are to be saved from the curse of alcohol, deliver us from the assistance of the man who is "as much in favor of temperance as anybody."

◆

A National Liquor Bill.—In England, as in every other land, the greatest popular expense at present is the liquor bill. Taxes are heavy there, no doubt; royalty, too, costs a round sum; pauperism is a drag upon industrial enterprises; the Government expenditure is immense; but all these drawbacks to prosperity are eclipsed by the money expended for drink. From a publication called the "Pictorial Drink Bill" of the British nation, we clip the following statistics, which may be interesting to political economists:

Annual income of English religious and benevolent institutions	£2,000,000
Annual cost of pauperism	12,000,000
Annual railway receipts	40,000,000
Annual produce of British mines	45,000,000
Capital in savings banks up to 1870	55,000,000
Amount of Government expenditure	70,000,000
Annual export of British textile fabrics	80,000,000
Annual expenditure on alcoholic drinks	100,000,000

◆

Intemperance and Crime.—A petition remonstrating against the repeal of the "Temperance Act" *of* 1870, of Ohio, has been signed by *all but* two hundred of the convicts *of the* Penitentiary of the state. *The* petition was signed by four hundred and ninety-two convicts, who, by their own admission, were brought to the Penitentiary by the use of intoxicating liquors. It was also signed by two hundred and seventy-four convicts, whose offences against the law were attributable to other causes. The petition was also signed by sixty officers of the Penitentiary.

Special Ohio Correspondence.

GEO. WM. WILSON, EDITOR.

All communications for this department, as well as subscriptions and advertisements for the Age, orders for books, &c., from persons residing in Ohio, should be sent to the editor, Auburn, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Money may be sent at our risk by Draft, Postoffice Money Order, payable at Chardon, Ohio, or by Registered Letters. Terms $3 per annum, 1.50 for six months, 75cts for three months. To all new annual subscribers and all who renew for one year we will send *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly.* See terms in full on 5th page.

MISSIONARY FUNDS.

We read in an exchange that the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has expended for missionary work from 1854 to 1870 inclusive, the enormous sum of $7,404,924, which is an annual expenditure $1,057,846. The amount expended in foreign fields is $2,855,197, leaving the amount expended at home $4,549,727. The total membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church is 1,442,410.

It would be interesting to learn how much has been expended by Spiritualists during the last seven years for missionary work. Our readers would blush with shame if the amount should be stated. While the various orthodox churches are yearly expending millions of dollars in the mission work, the Spiritualists have failed to contribute the necessary funds for keeping *one* missionary constantly in the field. Do Spiritualists fail to realize the importance of missionary work? Are they less liberal than the members of orthodox churches?

It may be said that the thorough organization of the churches powerfully aids them in collecting funds, which we readily admit. It must also be admitted that the church is alive to the importance of using every means at its command for the spread of its doctrines. Can this be said of Spiritualists? Certainly not. While we admit this humiliating fact, we think that much of the failure in raising funds for the missionary work is owing to our lack of any system of thorough organization of our forces. We have no hope of any success attending efforts to raise missionary funds until some plan of organization is adopted by which our forces can be concentrated.

Spiritualists, as a class, are as able to liberally contribute funds for missionary work as are the members of the orthodox churches, but there is a strong feeling existing in the minds of many Spiritualists that the angels will do the work. Angels, like mortals must have means to work with; they cannot accomplish impossibilities. Faithfully are they working for the spiritualizing of earth's surging millions. It has been said that angels help those who help themselves, and while this is true, it is also true that they are anxious to join hands with mortals in promulgating those truths which rob death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom, which demonstrate beyond a doubt that though man die he shall live again, and which reveals to us the glorious fact that beyond the cold and silent grave—just over "the river"—are elysean fields, more fair and beautiful than earth knows of, where we shall meet the "loved ones" gone before, and with whom, in joyful and sacred communion with the good, the beautiful and the true, we shall ascend the stairway of eternal progression.

◆

Lucia H. Cowles.—We receive many compliments and words of praise from Ohio, where this able and faithful semi-trance and inspirational speaker is doing her work faithfully and satisfactorily. We have few more efficient workers in the West than Sister Cowles, although she has not traveled far from her home, which is now at Clyde, Ohio, but was formerly at Chardon, Geauga Co. If any societies wish a good speaker for a few months, we can recommend her as one who will do the cause good wherever she lectures.—*Warren Chase in "Banner of Light."*

◆

D. L. Sutliff.—This zealous worker from the West is meeting with excellent success in Albany, N. Y. A correspondent informs us that his audiences are large and appreciative. During a few years he has held in the Western States twelve public discussions upon the subject of Spiritualism. To him the "Bible" is no "sealed Book."—*Ibid.*

Correspondence.

Ed. Ohio Dep't Present Age.—I presume I am indebted to you for the last two numbers of the Age. If so, accept my thanks. I had not seen a copy of the paper since the Chicago calamity. It comes out of the fiery ordeal as the pure metal. It certainly deserves, and must inevitably achieve success.

I spoke to you recently of the "Northern Ohio Health and Dress Reform Association," which is holding regular weekly meetings for the discussion of topics connected with the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of the race. Our numbers are not large, but we have some very sincere, earnest workers. In our essays and discussions, or rather, conversations, we do not contend for mastery or conquest, but simply to learn and obey the truth as we find it in nature, as manifest in our own bodies and souls. Our society may never make a great stir in the world, but if through its quiet influence a few may be induced to lay aside the follies of aimless, senseless fashion, and instead of studying how to disfigure and defile the human body, learn to understand and obey the laws of physical and spiritual life, we shall feel that we have not labored in vain.

From the broad range of topics that have come up for discussion, and the freedom with which they have been handled, some outsiders, very conscientious, but not very far-seeing, have become alarmed lest these little parlor talks should disseminate "free-love" principles! But every age has its bugbear with which to frighten cowards, fools and children. When Jesus proclaimed a better gospel to the ignorant and materialistic Jews, the self-righteous D. D.'s who ministered in the temple denounced him as a Sabbath breaker, a blasphemer, a friend of publicans and sinners. When Mr. Garrison demanded the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves, the church cried "infidel!" And if some of our more modern reformers strip the hypocritical garb of a sham respectability from some venerable institutions, the timid and faithless multitude need not flatter themselves that the evangels of a new dispensation are to be driven from their work of renovation by the mad-dog cry of "free-love." Every day's experience demonstrates that it is not *love* "free" or otherwise, that conservatives fear, but free thought and *free discussion.*

As at the feast Belshazzar saw the hand write upon the wall of his palace these words of fearful import, so those whose spiritual vision is unclouded see written against some of our most venerated institutions the prophetic "Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin." History ever repeats itself. The thing that has been in the past, is the thing that is to-day and shall ever be. The prophet may be cast into the fiery furnace, thrown into the lion's den, crucified on Calvary, hung in Richmond (John Brown), [illegible] down at the bidding of the noisy multitude. "Without haste and without rest," the car of progress moves on. Institution after institution goes down before it and is ground to powder beneath its ponderous wheels. But over the ruins of fond hopes and cherished expectations, the race moves on to its destined goal. We look back in sorrow and wonder at the ignorance of the fathers, and exclaim, "had we lived in their day we had not been partakers in their sins!" But to be a prophet in the first, the sixteenth, or the nineteenth century, is to incur the indignation of God's "chosen people." The instruments of torture vary with the enlightenment and civilization of the age. That is all the difference.

> "While round and round we run,
> Ever shall truth come uppermost
> And ever shall justice be done."

D. M. Allen.

South Newburg, O., March 17, 1872.

For the Present Age.

SHALL WE GIVE THEM THE AMENDMENT?

BY MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

"It will restrain the states of the union from unchristian legislation." This is one of the reasons given by T. P. Stevenson, in an address delivered before the national convention at Cincinnati, to secure the religious amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Near the close of this address he says:

"Now we propose simply to incorporate in our fundamental law, an acknowledgment of the moral law of the Christian religion as the supreme standard and guide for all lower legislation. Give us the amendment we ask, and an appeal will lie directly from an unchristian legislation by any state, to the Supreme Court of the United States on the grounds of its unconstitutionality. The movement therefore is wholly in the interest of national integrity and unity. May God grant that the question whether we are, and are to be, in all our parts, a Christian nation, may not be solved as the question of human liberty has been, in tears and blood."

Now, friends of liberty, investigate and learn if possible what must be at the foundation of this great movement. I say *great*, because it is much greater than the masses are aware of. What the church power is striving to bring about is expressed in the following:

"We labor to secure such amendments to the Constitution of the United States as will suitably express our national recognition of *Almighty God* as the author of our national existence, and the source of all power and authority in civil government; of *Jesus Christ* as the ruler of nations, and of the *Bible* as the fountain of law and the supreme rule for the conduct of nations."

Give them the amendment, and all laws that do not accord with it, will be unconstitutional and unchristian legislation, and they can appeal to the Supreme Court for help to fasten their fangs upon this nation in shape of a legislation in support of their particular faith. They hope to accomplish this without a struggle "in tears and blood!" Then where will our liberties be? At the mercy of the Christian religion as defined by its theologians from the Bible.

For the sake of all that makes our nation dearer, lovelier, freer, than the monarchies of the far East, WAKE UP—ye lovers of liberty, before the chains are forged about you, and you find yourselves slaves to the traditions and superstitions of the past! Wake up and let your voices be heard like the thunders from the full charged batteries of the heavens. It has been well and truthfully said that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

There is work to be done, and that soon; there is no time to spare if we would perpetuate religious liberty in America. I for one am ready for the work, and I sincerely hope the ladies who have long been earnest workers for human liberty and equal rights, will stand firm for the cause of freedom. And if it must again be bought with "tears and blood," the not far distant future shall know that Joans of Arc were living in this age, who had a care for the liberties of coming generations.

Plainwell, Mich.

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From the Tablet.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS OF "THE PRESENT AGE," A PAPER PUBLISHED IN CHICAGO.

Sirs:—Yours is a large, well-established journal; ours is small and just starting on its career in life. Your paper has four able editors, each one, of the sex strong in intellect, strong in position, strong before the law. Our poor paper has but one controlling mind, and that one strong in nothing but a love of Truth and Justice—that one of the serving, not the master sex; that one a nonentity, not a power in law. All of your four editors, by birth and belief, belong to that strong and able section of America which arrogated to itself the right to conquer and subdue our weaker section. By birth and affection we belong to the States yours have conquered and subdued. Notwithstanding all these disparities of position, we shall venture to reply to the column of comments you have made on us and our paper.

Your comments contain some praise and more blame. The praise we will not long linger upon. We may, however, say our surprise only equals our plesure, that even *one* word of kindness should come to us from that city sitting on the shores of the great lake,—that city, which only a few years ago, in its Chamber of Commerce, unreprovingly received the proposal that strychnine, instead of food, should be sent to the starving women and children of a city in the South, burned down and laid waste by the conquering soldiers of your government. Though the poison was not actually sent to that crushed and conquered city of the South, the spirit, the animus of the poison *was* sent, through the post-office, in the derisive donation of a fifty dollar Confederate bill. When you remember this little incident, as well as all the past of a dozen years, you will understand our surprise at any evidence of good feeling from Chicago.

You inform, Messrs. Editors, your many thousand readers of your belief that we "*would like to see a Southern Sherman march through the populous North, leaving such a highway of desolation as the Northern Sherman left*" in our now unhappy land. We shall make no attempt to disabuse you or your readers of that belief. Since you have accused us of possessing it, we shall not deny, but—defend. And we call upon you, by your assumed and vaunted love of justice, since you have accused us publicly of what you consider a crime, we call on you to make public the justification, the defense we shall make:

Sidney Smith once said: "The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of *justice* is by showing them in plain terms the consequence of *injustice.*" If we desire to send you a Southern Sherman, it is because your proud and imperious North needs a stern lesson on the horrors of war. It is because your arrogant and tyrannous North needs a very forcible lesson on the beauty of *justice.* Sirs, when you deny our assertion that your section nourishes animosity towards our people, you show yourselves ignorant or forgetful of the teachings of your public men—of the daily out-breathings of your public press, of that all pervading public opinion in the North, which subtly but surely exudes from unloving, unjust and hating hearts. You tell your readers that to say, "the North hates a free South is an absurd piece of twaddle. You are right in this—your words are literally true. The man or woman who says the North hates a "*free* South," not only talks twaddle, but falsehood. The North does not hate a *free* South. The South is conquered, and you know it. Your million men have subdued our once free land, and you know it. Our people are in political bonds, and you know it. When you talk of a *free* South, *you* are talking an imbecile twaddle, and if your minds are so darkened as not to know it, there are millions in the South ready to assure you of your dementation.

The position the North has taken, and yet holds toward the South, is precisely similar to the husband's, who, by force, keeps possession of his wife. Feeling her situation an unhappy one, the wife attempts to escape. Her husband seizes her in the act of flight, and drags her back to his house. He says to her:

"*You are mine by the laws of God and man; you shall never leave me. I am the best husband in the world.*"

She struggles to escape from his embraces; he knocks her down. He is enraged at her rebellious nature; he cannot see why she is not serenely happy in a union with him. He assures her "*he is the best husband in the world; she is perfectly free.*" Yet he holds her tight. In *his* struggle to subdue, in *her* efforts to resist, she scratches him, she tears his shirt-front; her blood is up, she fights with fury. But he is the stronger, he gets her down; he breaks her bones and bruises her flesh, the hair is torn from her head, the clothes from her body. He is the stronger; he ties her hands and fetters her feet. And as she lies there, tied and fettered and torn and bleeding and broken, he calls her names. She is a vile, rebellious wretch; she is a fool, she cannot see "*he is the best husband in the world.*" She cannot see she has always enjoyed the most perfect freedom; she has nothing on earth to complain of! He abuses her because her attempted escape forces him to fight her. He looks down on his torn shirt-front; fresh rage fills his heart. The scratches on his face fires anew the anger of his soul. Her conduct is indeed damnable,—tortures are too good for her, but, in his mighty magnanimity, he will only leave her tied and fettered and broken; now and then giving her a kick or a pinch, to keep her in mind she is tied to—

"*The best husband in the world.*"

This, Messrs. Editors, is a true picture of the relative attitude of the North and South. Like the foolish husband, your North is astonished the South does not love —*the best government in the world.* The North looks down on the fettered and broken South, and tells her she is *free*, but she shall never leave him; she is bound to him forever by the laws of God and man; she is corrupt, rebellious, traitorous and foolish because she is not in love with her *Union* and aware of its blessings. The scratches on his face, the torn shirt-front the strong North received in his effort to subdue the South, he swears never to forget, and holds up to view those scratches as the most monstrous of crimes. Thus, Messrs. Editors, for the ninety-nine thousandth time, the North, through your paper, tells us you have not forgotten—

"*Andersonville, Libby, Salisbury and Belle Isle!*"

Nor can that injured husband forget his torn shirt-front and his scratched face!

May a just God forever keep those prison places in your memory! May the wan ghost of those pale prisoners forever stalk through your Northern land, and forever lift up their phantom hands in imprecations on those who sent them down to kill and desolate a people struggling for the rights of freemen! Of all the insufferable *cant* in which your North chooses to indulge, the *cant* of possessing more lenity and love and mercy than the South, is the most intolerably absurd. We will not now stop to show what a true history will record, what can be proved by living persons, that your own government and officers are responsible for the suffering of their men in *our* prisons, inasmuch as they refused to exchange them. Your own officers and government let their men languish and die in our prisons, rather than recuperate *our* armies by exchanging. When the South was so anxious to get back her men inclosed in your Northern prisons, so anxious to get rid of the burden of feeding and guarding *your* men in *her* prisons, your own high officer, the present Great Receiver of Gifts, refused to exchange, because "*it was easier to feed than to fight rebels.*" The North had millions to draw from, the South but a sparse people; hence the policy. And when the Confederate Government, in its poverty of men to guard the prisoners, and scarcity of food to feed them, offered to return them *free*, without getting back their men from your prisons, did your officers and government rush to their relief? Did they make haste to snatch from a cruel people and wretched fate those prisoners you *now* make such a rumpus about?

Sirs, your own people in high places were unwilling to relieve the wretched South of the burden of its prisoners. They sought pretexts and delays, and left them on our hands as long as they could find an excuse for so doing. Yet in the face of facts like these, you tell us you have not forgotten those prison places. Sirs, your inconsistency is only equalled by your assurance. "The North has not forgotten Andersonville, Libby and Belle Isle?" Let the North remember *where* those places are located. If in your hearts is the spirit of justice and fairness, you will tell the North, when it again makes that taunt, that Andersonville and Libbie lie in the bosom of the land it sent down its million men to subjugate. If justice is in your hearts, you will also tell the North, though every atom and item of the cruelties charged on our people be strictly true, yea, though they be ten times greater, though you add to and pile on the atrocities till they point to heaven tall as a pyramid's pinnacle, broader than a mountain's base, this one answer would meet and match them all:

Those prison places were in the bosom of the land on which your North had let loose the bloody dogs of war.

The men who suffered in those prison places, had come down on us with shot and shell, with sword and torch in their hands; in their hearts murder and hell. They made war on men, women and children; they pillaged and killed and burned and raped without remorse and without control.

They laid waste our fields, and left our houses in ashes. They wantonly killed our cattle, and found a devilish delight in destroying even the poor garments of the unborn rebel child. Over all our land they spread woe and desolation. They tasked their ingenuity in devising ways and means of inflicting pain and humiliation on our unhappy people. Many of your high officers encouraged and enjoyed the deeds of animosity done by their rude soldiery. We have by us now a photograph of General Sherman, taken in the atmosphere and breathing all the spirit of that hellish time. From his aspect and his eyes, from every line in his face, looks forth the Mephistopheles devil, deriding, yet enjoying the pain he made. And yet, to *us*, the women of the South, who all those four years were in the midst of those horrors, you *dare* fling those prison places in our faces. Sirs, we tell you those places were but drops to the ocean of evil your men committed. Those men did their worst to us; if it was not our plain duty to do our worst to them, it was at least in conformity to the nature God has given his creatures. It is absolutely foolish in the North to keep up its *cant* about these prisons.

In conclusion, Messrs. Editors, you express the belief that the mission of your beautiful religion, Spiritualism, is to harmonize the two sections, to heal the wounds of war, to become the peace-maker between men and nations. Never can your religion accomplish this high work while the North arrogates to itself the right of sovereignty over the South. And if the Spiritual religion teaches, or permits its adherents to believe, one set of States has the right to war on and subdue another set of States for a difference of opinion, then has your religion in it the same old element of tyranny that has over and over again deluged the earth with blood, and the hope you indulge of its becoming the peace-maker of the world will prove but a delusive dream.

[We trust the editress of the Tablet will reciprocate our fairness in republishing this article in our paper, by giving our reply a place in the columns of her own.—Ed. Age.]

APOTHEOSIS.

Don Rolla Keith, of Vermillion, O., in the nineteenth year of his age. The funeral discourse was delivered by Hudson Tuttle.

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